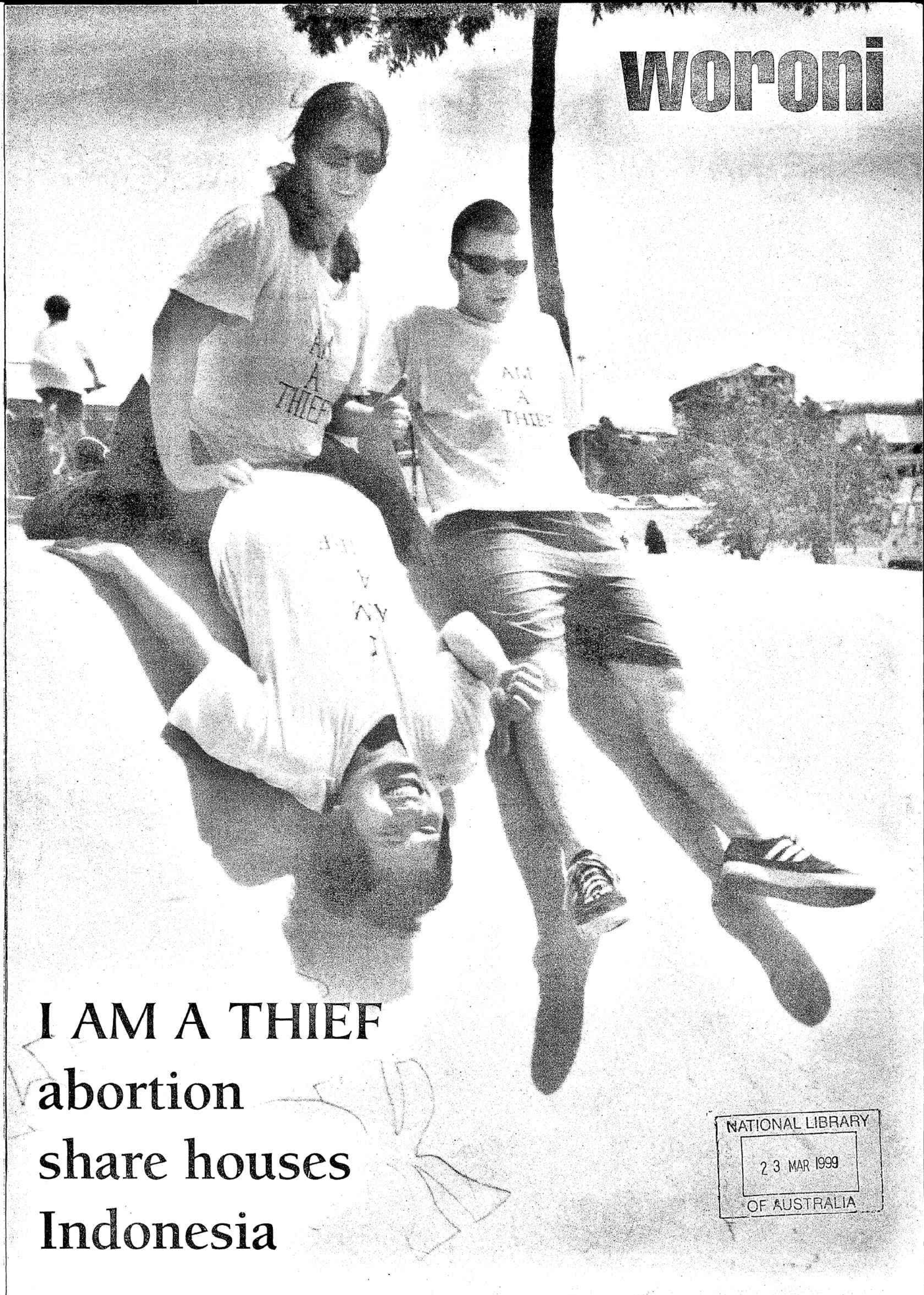


woroni



**I AM A THIEF**  
abortion  
share houses  
Indonesia

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# PRIVATE BIN

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## Attention Parents !!!

Over the last months PARSA has become aware that some postgraduate and undergraduate students are going to suffer financially under the new Federal Government child care subsidy changes. Anecdotal reports have indicated that some parents may be faced with fee increases of up to seventy dollars per week (or more) and may have to choose between continuing to undertake their study and using inferior child care facilities, or delaying or deferring their studies while working or caring for their children on a full time basis. To date PARSA has been unable to assess the full impact upon our members: We need your help!  
If you are a parent at the ANU, please fill in the survey and send it to us. We really need your support in assessing the state of need of our members, so that we can develop a response to this problem.

Child Care Usage Survey  
do not include personal detail on this form, for statistical purposes only

1. Course: PhD, Masters (research), Coursework

2. Number of children:

3. Age of children [please list all children separately]:

4. What child care facilities do you use [tick all relevant]:

private day-care centres  
family day care  
parent-managed day care centres  
private arrangement - with relative  
paid, but unregulated childcare in their own or someone else's home

5. If given the choice, what child care facilities would you prefer to use [tick if different]:

private day-care centres  
family day care  
parent-managed day care centres  
private arrangement - with relative  
paid, but unregulated childcare in their own or someone else's home  
stay at home with children

6. Number of children in full-time child care:

7. Number of children in part-time child care:

8. Number of children in occasional child care:

8. Number of children in out-of-school-hours care:

10. Do you currently receive the government child care subsidy? Yes or No [if no, go to Optional Questions]

11. If Yes, Have your child care costs increased in the last year? Yes or No [if No, go to 12]

11a. If Yes, by how much (\$ per week total)?

12. Will your child care costs increase this year? Yes or No [if no, go to 13]

12a. If Yes, by how much (\$ per week total)?

12b. If Yes, beginning at what date?

13. In your honest opinion, will the increased cost of child care cause you to change your enrolment status, or consider changing your enrolment status at the ANU? Yes or No [if no, go to 14]

13a. Is this because of an inability to afford the increase? Yes or No

13b. Would you state that, in your honest opinion, the increased cost of child care means that you are facing financial hardship? Yes or No [please see the definition of "financial hardship" below]

13c. What change to your enrolment have you made or are considering making: Withdrawal, Suspension, or Change to Part Time

14. In your honest opinion, has the increased cost of child care caused you to [please tick]:

take additional work:

seek unpaid child minding (such as with a friend or relative)

seek counselling:

take leave from work or study:

other (please specify):

Optional Questions (please fill in as many as you feel comfortable with)

A. Gender: Male or Female

B. What is your marital status: Single, Married, Divorced, or De facto

C. Please indicate your age: [-21] [22-26] [27-32] [33-40] [41-50] [50+]

D. Do you hold a scholarship: Yes or No

E. Are you a full-fee paying student: Yes or No

F. Do you receive a government pension: Yes or No

G. If there is any information you feel relevant to this survey, but has not been included in the questions above, please take the time to attach your comments

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME

Please post this c/o. PARSA Child Care Survey

26 Balmain Crescent, ANU 0200

Further Questions or Comments: Peter.Chen@anu.edu.au - (02) 6249-3672 [office]

4

# hello

This week, prepare to be outraged as Woroni salutes Patrick Mackerras, attacks Natasha Stott Despoja, shames a former Woroni Editor in 0055-PANTIES, and prays for the death of Elton John. And look out for the hidden snow penis to win yourself a kinky prize.

# news

6

Michael Cook continues to head a hard hitting news section with reports on the clean up of the post-O-week wet patch, killer falling trees, smoking bans in the uni bar, and wimpy students who collapse in the sun. Miss it and miss out.

11

# letters

Woroni brings you the obligatory socialist letter, crazed anarchists and a letter from someone who thinks the world is just a lovely place.

# race

21

Woroni sparks a craze and gets national media coverage. No irony, just protest.

# entertainment

22

More exciting reviews of lots of CDs and books and movies. And your chance to find out what the General Secretary of the SA is reading.

# what's on

25

Find out why Canberra is the cultural capital of the Southern Hemisphere with Ethiopians, Roger Woodward, and pretty pictures.

27

# society

Woroni abuses those who attended barslug, and hopes to break up a marriage in our new section *Paparazzi Paparazzi!*. Also look out for college corner and etiquette tips.

# footnotes

30

Find out what makes the guy who runs Dolly's tick, and join Rolando Fairview as he deconstructs grunge literature in the latest instalment of *Pulp*.

# woroni

14



## Abortion

In the light of the recent Western Australian case, Nick Dynon takes a look at the hard fax on abortion, with a balanced look at both sides of the raging abortion debate.

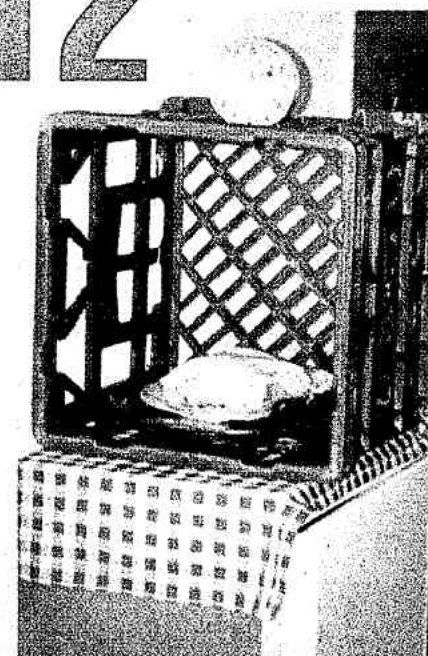
17



## Indonesia

Waton Bagaskara takes a personal journey of self discovery as he looks at troubles in his home country. "Indonesia in terminal crisis? Are you kidding?!"

12

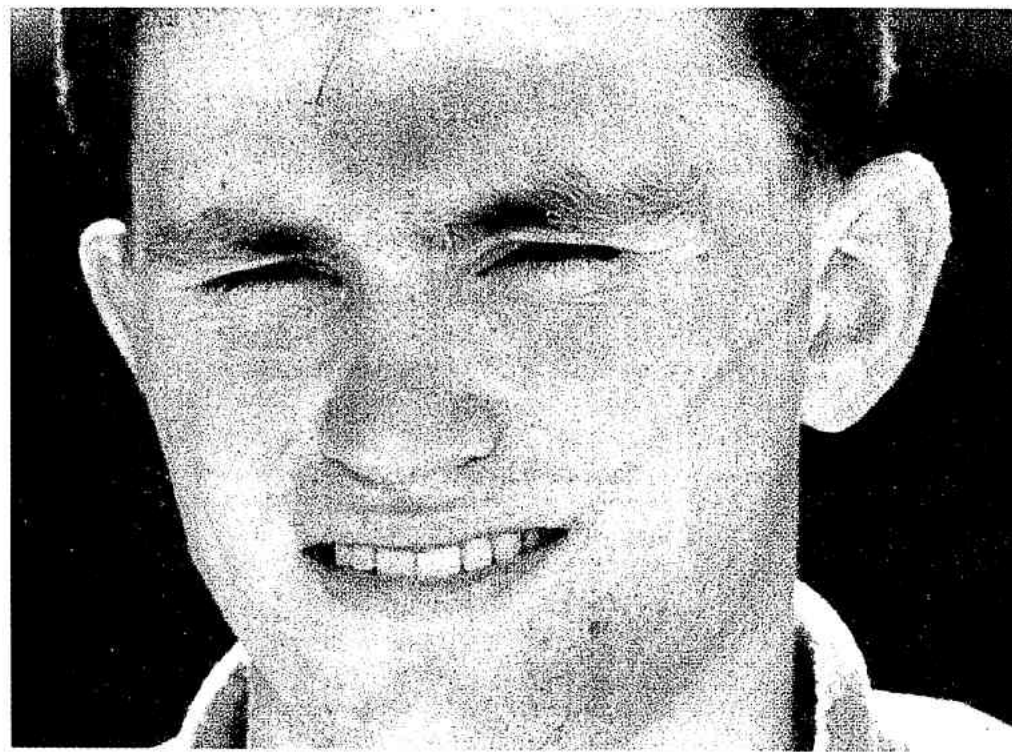


## House Party

Kampus Kook and self indulgent *Woroni* editor Brendan Shanahan takes you on a voyage of discovery through the archetypal group house. Join him as he finds out how to turn a milk crate into a microwave.

# contents

## woroni salutes



How can one possibly salute those whose service to the betterment of humanity defied ordinary pat categories of "great", "leader" or "future adviser to a treasurer of Australia". Such is the case with Patrick Mackerras, but sadly Patrick is no longer gracing the grounds of ANU and when the trees turn to fluff in Spring and shed their loads like so many itchy tears, it will be for Patrick they weep.

William almost had it: that solemn look of a man deep in thought, unhurried by the pace of these times but punctuated on special occasions by a cheeky grin that said "Yes, indeed all is right with the world", but his brother never had quite that spark, that fire which at times seemed almost to consume and possess the SA President of two years ago. Patrick had irreplaceable qualities. Those that only come with time, breeding or birth, and Patrick was a man in full possession of all three. But beyond that Patrick had a rasp in his voice, a glint in his eyes that always said, and always will say... "Mackerras". God damn it, I'll miss you my friend.

## dodge city



Dodge city gets surreal this month with a photo from the late 70s of two absolute tossers engaging in a round of friendly murder in the downstairs Union Court. Perhaps you might feel vaguely sorry for the guy lying on the ground with the bleeding chest but *Woroni* doesn't. In those ever-so-slightly flared pants, those stupid flouncey pirate shirts and those ugly, ugly-arse loafers we figure he deserved to die. Thing is he's probably one of our tutors now and we just don't recognise him, which means we'll be failing something.



(above) This massive bud speaks for itself

## woroni

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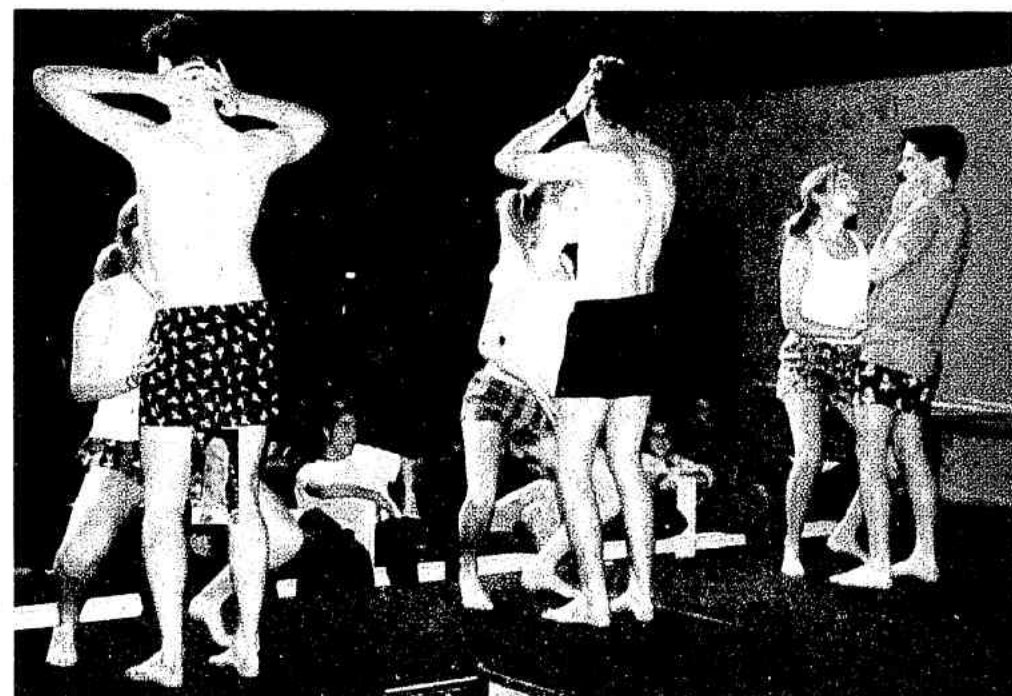
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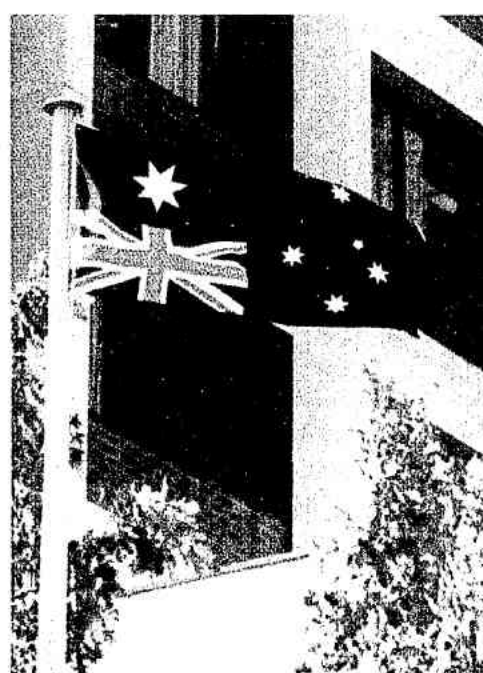
## 0055 — PANTIES



This month's 0055 PANTIES sees the return of an unidentified former *Woroni* editor racing off a lucky member of Burgmann College. Why is he lucky... well let's just say someone's had a lot of practice in the downstairs department. But let's not be mean... no lets, after all she is overseas and never likely to read this — or will she...? We just want her to know that, come what may, we still love her to bits and we just know that she'd be thrilled to little tiny bits to appear in this tasteless section.

When I look and see those muscular, throbbing, panting thighs at work in those gorgeous little shorts I am both turned-on and saddened. Saddened because I am reminded of better days. Days when those same thighs sat close to me and... ahhhh... other members of the *Woroni* team. Come back meine lieblings vegan - ich liebe dich.

## click!



## woroni hates you

This edition sees the introduction of a new regular feature entitled "Woroni Hates You". But you are not intended, dear reader, to take this as evidence that we despise, loathe and simply do not care in the least what sort of a paper we deliver unto you. No, far from it. We have decided, as a community service, to devote this segment to a personality we feel ought to be more generally disliked than they currently are and openly state why it is that we think they ought to be despised. Thus this edition sees the first big one - Natasha Stott-Despoja. Oh how we hate you Natasha. You and your relentless brown-nosing of the youth of Australia, you and your desperate attempts to be hip by wearing docs to Parliament and listening to the Jesus and Mary Chain. You and your virginal blonde hair. You and your ability to trick many impressionable young people into thinking that you really give a toss and don't simply want to become leader of the Democrats (because kids as we all know the Democrats elect their leaders by popular vote within total party membership, unlike all the others). You and the fact that every time you speak you attempt to look as earnest as you can in the hope that someone will think that what you're saying has a level of depth. You and the fact that every time I turn around I see your precious face in the paper or on TV. You are a politician like any other Natasha so go away and leave us all alone - because Woroni hates you.



## Morrissey's Miserable Day

by Sarah Hutchings



Morrissey pranced down the street, occasionally thrusting his arm into the air in order to check the pleasantly musky odour of his armpit.

"I'm so misunderstood," he sighed, pausing to uproot a bunch of daffodils from someone's garden.

"Oi, you! 'What you doin' eh? Those flowers are me pride an' joy!' yelled a red faced man who had spied Stephen's deeds from his window. Morrissey stuck up the most expressive of his five fingers and scurried to the local park, where he threw himself down on a carefully arranged bed of daisies and burst into tears.

"Why do they try to deny me the beauty I crave" he questioned the daffodils and buried his face in them. He sobbed as loudly as he could and no one came over to comfort him, let alone photograph him for *Who* magazine, he jumped to his feet, tossed the flowers aside and began to walk in the direction of the recording studio, shuffling his feet, sticking out his bottom lip and teasing his coiff back into its former glory.

Ahead of him on the street he spied a pimply male youth, clad in a T-shirt displaying the forlorn face of our protagonist.

"I hope doesn't ask me for an autograph" Morry thought, raising his head to stare dolefully at the clouds and humming a snippet of "Please Let Me Get What I Want". The youth stopped. He stared. His mouth dropped open.

"M-m-m-m" he gasped.

"Yes, yes, I am Morrissey and stop gaping, you're making my skin hurt." Morrissey muttered and continued striding on.

"W-w-wait! You're my her! You're the best! 'Girl Afraid' is my favourite song in the whole world!"

"Look, just what is it you want? Only I do have to go to the studio and lay down some tracks you know. I am actually quite busy" Morry sarcastically cut in.

"All I want is you autograph" the youth begged, and dropped to his knees to kiss Morrissey's feet.

"Jesus fucking Christ, all bloody right" Morrissey took out a t-shirt he happened to keep in his hip pocket and scrawled his name on the boy's forehead. He recapped the pen with flourish and let the youth gibbering in ecstasy on the

pavement.

He reached the studio feeling inexplicably good and kicked the door down with an unaccustomed smile.

"Hey Mozza, what are you looking so happy for?" Johnny greeted him, tuning his guitar.

"I'm not happy, I've just got something in my teeth, that's all" Morry replied, trying to save face. "Just shut up, okay?" he added, although there was no further comment.

After half an hour of rehearsal, Morrissey noticed that his sheer black shirt was sticking to his chest with sweat, further exposing those hair-ringed nipples of which he was so proud. He abruptly stopped singing and peered at them.

"Look guys I'm going, I've got a lot on my mind" he said and ran out of the studio in search of a photographer.

Outside the air was cold, making those irresistible protrusions shrink slightly and stand up to attention, on occurrence that made Morry's search for a photographer all the more urgent.

"Hey you!" he suddenly yelled, spying a man crouching to take a picture of his child playing in a sandpit.

"Right. Now" he told the man, and inserted himself in front of the child, sticking out his meagre chest.

"What the hell d'you think you're playin' at?" the man demanded. Used to the warning, Morrissey dashed off at top speed.

After placing himself between various amateur photographers and their subjects with a minimum of success, he decided to call up that prestigious music publication, the *Melody Maker*.

"Yeah, Morrissey here. Got a nipple thing happening. My house," he demanded when he found a public telephone and cadged the necessary amount of change off a passer-by. He replaced the receiver and returned to his abode.

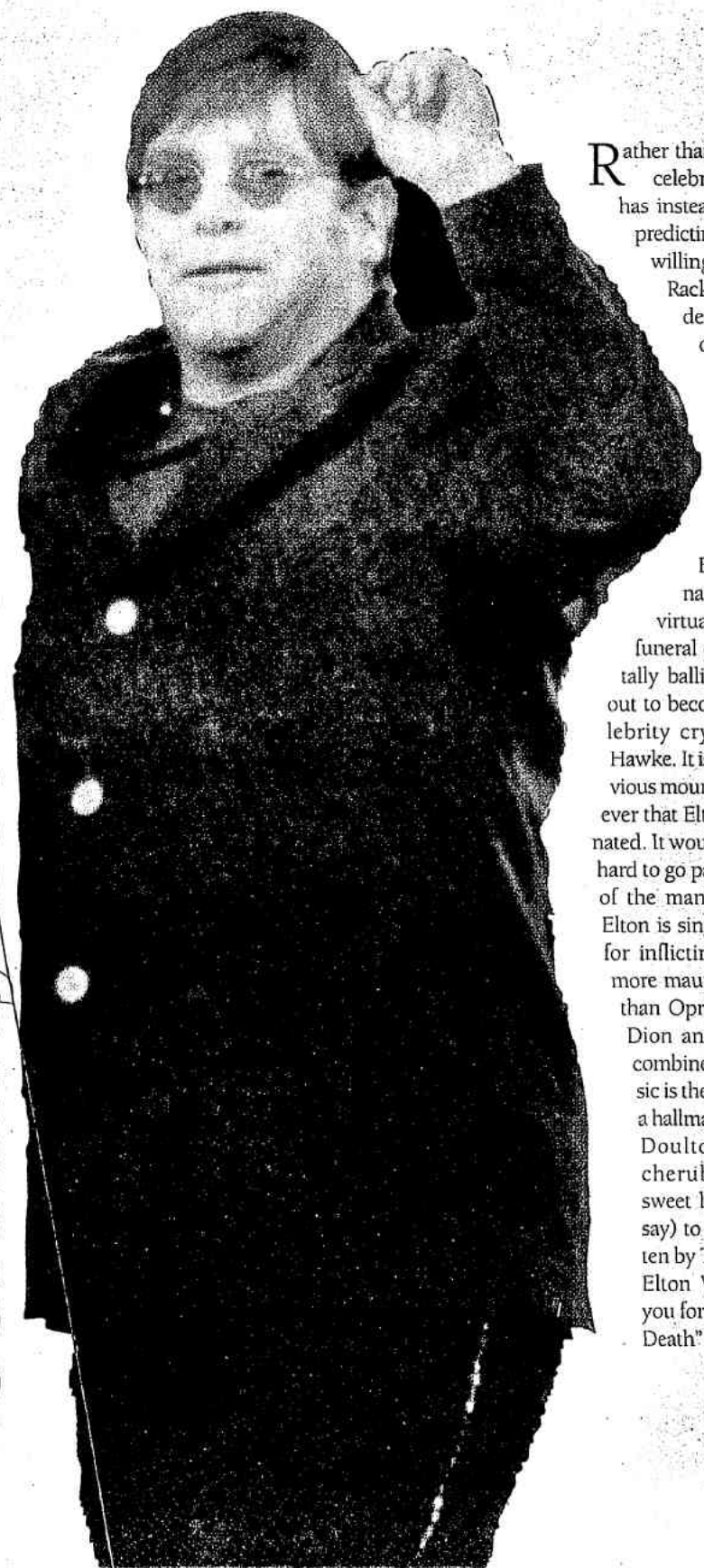
Periodically splashing cold water on his chest, he waited, observing himself in different positions around his predominantly black living room be use of the handy mirrors he had placed in advantageous positions. When no knock sounded from the door Morrissey's sombre expression became a little more sincere and liquid ran from his oft-used tear ducts.

"I might as well be dead. Nobody would miss me" he said to himself.

"You are my only friends," he said to his nipples.

And so another day in the hell that is the life of Morrissey came to an end. The funny thing is that instead of committing suicide, he actually went on to record more successful albums, made heaps of cash and kept journalists fascinated with stories of how he had never had sex.

celebrity deaths



Rather than simply reporting celebrity deaths Woroni has instead decided to start predicting. Not just that but willing them to happen. Racking our brains we decided that the most obvious candidate for a celebrity death from last year but who nonetheless remained resolutely upright was Elton John. Elton was nominated for appearing at virtually every celebrity funeral of last year and totally balling his wussy eyes out to become the biggest celebrity cry-baby since Bob Hawke. It is not just for his obvious mourner capability however that Elton has been nominated. It would, after all, be very hard to go past the sheer horror of the man's musical record. Elton is singularly responsible for inflicting the world with more maupish sentimentality than Oprah Winfrey, Celine Dion and Mills and Boon combined. Face it, his music is the aural equivalent of a hallmark card and a Royal Doulton figurine of a cherub making sweet, sweet love (as chef might say) to a soundtrack written by Tina Arena. For this Elton Woroni nominates you for the next "Celebrity Death" of the year.

## who's that girl?



In this Woroni "Who's That Girl" gets sordid, but that's the way we like it. Bar Slug is the prime place for confusing people with others, seeing someone for one moment and then losing them the next, but there seems little doubt that the

people in this photo knew exactly who they were looking for. So, if you reckon you've spotted that girl then bring her into the Woroni office and claim your sleazy prize — you vulture of human misery.

## O-Week 'Orgasmic'

by Michael Cook

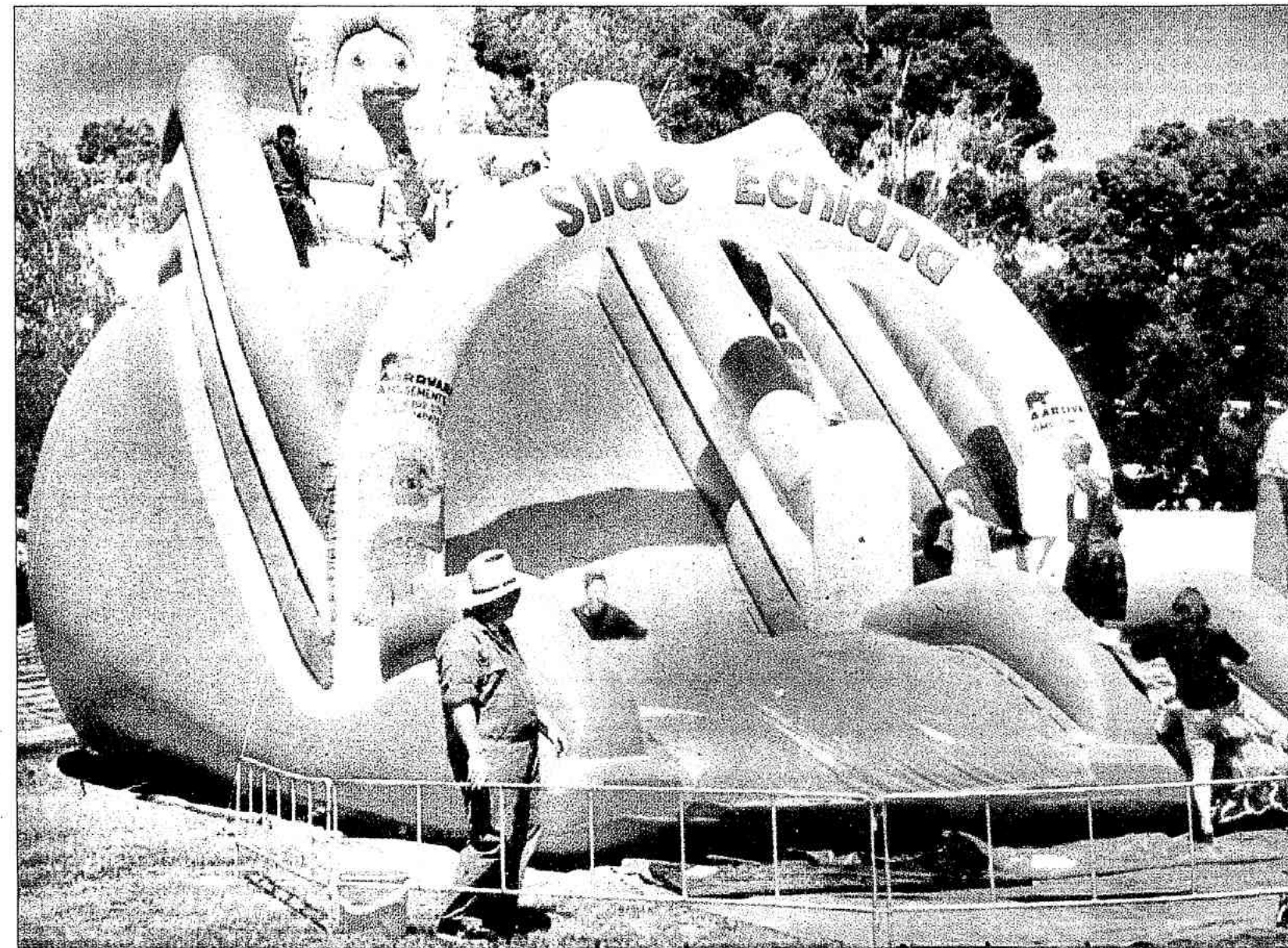
This year's Orientation Week at the ANU has been described by participants as 'exciting', 'orgasmic', and 'the most fun you could have at the start of the school year'. Students were welcomed, or welcomed back, to their University with a number of events ranging from the ever-popular Bar Slug to a frenzied jelly-wrestling tournament.

Fiona Gardner, one of the O-Week Directors, was pleased so many new and later year students came out and had fun during the week. "A lot of time was involved - a lot more than we ever anticipated - in organising the events, so it was great to see everyone having a good time," Fiona said. "We had heaps of fun, too!"

With Katherine Giles, Student Association Social Officer, the O-Week Directors organised a hectic schedule of bands, fashion parades, open-air movie nights, and jumping castles. Fiona believed the most 'spectacularly successful' event of the week was Monday's ANU-UC Combined City Night, where "lots of people drank themselves silly" at Mooseheads, Gypsy's, the Private Bin and Heaven.

Another of the many highlights of the week was Burgmann College's Toga Party. Several hundred people, draped only in sheets, danced the Wednesday night away on an outdoor dance floor. A prominent figure in the crowd was former Student Association President Matt Tinning, who appeared to 'accidentally' lose his toga several times, until someone firmly attached it to him with safety pins.

The Inter-College Bar Slug, with its promise of cheap drinks, dust, and na-



(above) Slippery when wet: students encounter an echidna at O-week

ked men shimmying up the tent pole, attracted over 3,000 students on Thursday night. An elderly gentleman was seen the next day, on the oval adjacent

to the Bar Slug paddock, with a metal detector. He informed me "I've collected \$17.35 so far from all the money dropped out of drunken people's pock-

ets, and I've only stepped in vomit once!"

It was inevitable, however, that as O-Week drew to a close students' minds

started shifting to the academic year looming ahead of them. As one 1st year said at the Bar Slug, "I'll be happy when school starts, mate. I need a rest."

## No Fun in the Sun

By Daniel Heard

Students waiting for unit variations baked in 37 degree heat on Thursday, many standing in the blazing sun for hours.

Queues began forming on the steps to Melville hall at 10am for the anticipated 12pm opening of unit variations, on what was one of the hottest days this summer. Unlike new enrolments on the previous week, queuing took place on the uncovered stair entrance to Melville hall, and students had no access to either shade or water without leaving their place in the queue.

Conditions were crowded and extremely uncomfortable, due to both the heat and the long period of standing in a line on concrete stairs. According to Andrew Carpenter, a 3rd year Arts student, "I seriously thought I was going to pass out. The heat was killing me". He was apparently not alone in his experience, as Danielle Fisher, science student, attests: "I couldn't believe they were making us line up the blazing sun at midday when they could have opened at 9 o'clock and had no queue in the heat."

When asked whether Student Administration and Support Services knew about the problem, Ms Allison Taylor from the Academic Registrar's Division stated that "We were all aware there was a problem. People began

queuing on the stairs at 10am, which I found difficult to understand. There were 10 sessions for people to vary their enrolment details; it didn't have to be done on that day."

Asked why water was not provided for students varying units, Ms Taylor replied "The water provided for queuing new enrolments the previous week was a student association initiative, it had nothing to do with Support Services."

Melville Hall could not have been opened any earlier on that morning, Ms Taylor said, as "it was used until 6pm the previous night. It couldn't have been ready earlier than 12 without paying a bunch of workmen mega-bucks in overtime to rearrange it for unit variations."

Graham Hutchens, Student Administration acting director, explained the reason for not using the covered entry to Melville hall for unit variations: "Once O week begins, the foyer of Melville Hall is reclaimed by the faculties for other purposes," he said. "We had no option but to use the other entrance."

Mr Hutchens also stated that "if students chose the correct unit combinations the first time, we wouldn't have these problems". Both Ms Taylor and Mr Hutchens agreed that communication with students could have been better over the issue.

## Lucky Escape as Tree Crushes Car

by Omar Singh

On the night of Saturday, 28 February, the large Silver Birch tree located between Union Court and the

Sullivans Creek Bridge fell onto a car. A former ANU student, who did not want her name published, had just stepped out of the vehicle when the tree collapsed without warning. Whilst no one was injured, the woman's "precious" car (named 'Geoff') received extensive damage to the front bonnet.

The incident occurred around 3am, during the rave "Wax on Wax off" and the Hunters and Collectors concert which were both held in the University Union. Afterwards, many people passing by stopped to have a look, curious as to what had happened. They assisted the owner of Geoff to move the tree off her injured automobile.

There were no sober witnesses to accurately recount the exact events surrounding the accident. The Hunters and Collectors Equipment van, parked next to the University Union, also had its only exit blocked by the fallen tree. The band, and their van, were trapped until 6am, as the tree was cut into chunks and fi-

nally moved out of the van's way. Not surprisingly, the Hunters and Collectors were less than happy about what had

happened, and did not want to comment.



(above) What happened? Buildings and Grounds are reportedly stumped

# President's Report



## Don't Be Fooled

April 1st is an appropriate date for the year's first National Day of Action, called by the National Union of Students (NUS). Do you remember when the Liberal Party gave the following "commitments" (all are direct quotes from 1996 Liberal party election material)?

- Fees for Commonwealth funded undergraduate places will not be introduced.
- The current (in 1996) HECS system will be maintained.
- The HECS repayment threshold will not drop below average weekly earnings.
- AUSTUDY will stay and benefits will be maintained in real terms.

## Debating

This Easter long weekend over 200 university students from around Australia will come together at the ANU for the Easter Debating Intersvarsity Championships, to be hosted by the ANU Debating Society.

This IV is the second biggest on the Australian debating calendar. It is primarily a novice-oriented competition in that it aims to encourage competition amongst people who have never before debated at Intersvarsity level. To facilitate this, two-thirds of each three person team is comprised of novice debaters.

There will be a number of public debates over the weekend including the Grand Final to be held in the Main Senate Committee room at New Parliament House.

This year the Championship patron is Australian High Court Justice Michael Kirby, who will address participants at

— Recurrent funding for university operating grants will not be cut.

If it weren't so bloody frustrating to see demoralised lecturers, fewer course options, less frequent tutorials and record low enrolment applications, there would be something per- versely amusing about such contempt for students, staff and the general public. What is particularly ironic is the statement: "if you hear any claims to the contrary you can be sure that its another Labor lie. They really will do and say anything to stay in power!" Pots and kettles, really.

The National Day of Action is going to be a big one and we need you to come along and be involved. NUS has identified three aims: to influence the budget process (at least so that education is not slugged again); to remind the public of the fine promises (core or non-core - they've all been broken) that the Liberals made; and to try to secure funding for staff salary increases.

The issue of staff salary increases

has not received enough attention in the public debate. Between 1995 and 1997, the next round of enterprise bargaining was due at numerous universities. Managers like those at the ANU negotiated with the unions, came to an agreement and then were told by the Government that they would not fund the salary increases - they had to be paid for out of 'efficiency savings'. Unfortunately, the Labor Party was going to do the same thing, if only it had had the chance. The factory mentality doesn't apply to universities (in fact, its questionable whether it even applies in factories). Greater efficiencies just mean fewer staff for the same number of students. And at ANU, the refusal of the Government to provide supplementation for staff salary increases has been the direct cause of many of the problems in the Arts Faculty (see the Arts Faculty Restructuring paper, page 4, paragraph 18).

In general, our teachers (both tertiary and pre-tertiary) are paid lowly

wages. They are low compared to those overseas (which is why many of our brightest academics are skipping the country), they are low compared to other professions and they are low based on the importance and worthiness of their work. Any Government with a commitment to education at any level would devote more money to attracting good people to teach. They would not knock out 6% of university operating grants and they would not refuse to pay staff salary increases after they had been negotiated with the university.

That is our message for April Fools Day. Please come along to the rally and lend your support. Now is the time to remind the Government that their policies have done real harm to the higher education system and caused real problems for many students and staff.

the official Opening Ceremony on Friday April 10th.

If you would like more information regarding the 1998 Easter Intersvarsity Debating Championships please contact the ANU Debating Society at their office on the Students' Association Bridge.

## Parenting

In the Union Building, just behind the Students' Association, there is a rather unassuming room that may escape your notice. It is, in fact, yet another service provided for you by your Union and Students' Association: the Parenting Room.

This room provides facilities to aid parents with young children on campus. It contains a sink, change table

and couch, amongst other things, and is designed for parents to tend to their children's immediate needs. We would remind you however that all children must be attended to whilst in the room. This is not a place to leave your children whilst you go to lectures or tutorials as they will not be minded by Union or Students' Association staff. To leave your children unattended in the Parenting Room is a punishable offence.

If you would like to make use of these facilities you can obtain the security code from the Union Office or the Students' Association Administrator, Karen Hagen.

ANU Students' Association  
Meeting Notice to all Undergraduate students

**1st. Term Ordinary  
General Meeting**

12 noon

Friday 20 March

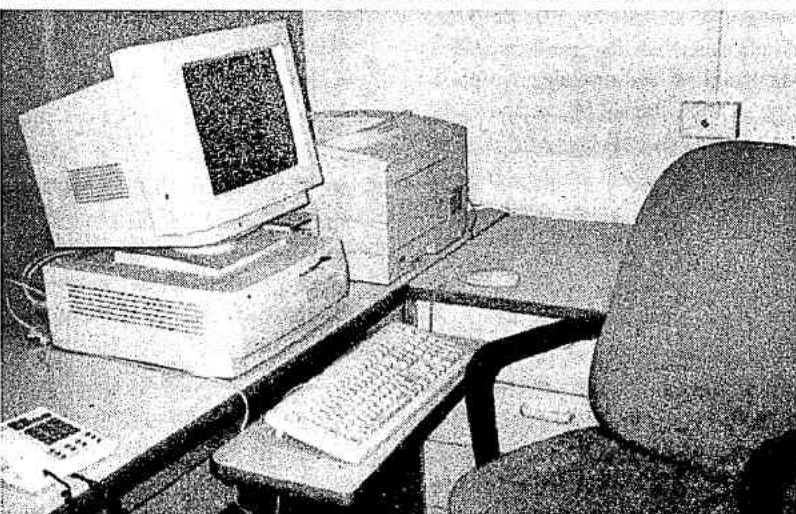
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All undergraduate students (members of the Students' Association) are invited to attend. This notice is issued in accordance with section 7.1.1 of the Constitution.

4 March 1998

# Opinion

comment comment comment comment comment comment comment comment comment



(above) Craig Simonetto was not in his office and unavailable for comment

For many years, the Chair of the Union Board's office has been known as the play pen. A place where one anointed student can go and get that warm inner glow which comes from fantasising that they are presiding over a multi-million dollar operation and are just one step away from commencing a rapid ascent of the greasy poll in an exploitative multinational of their choice. In recent years,

this warm inner glow has come with no strings attached. The exceedingly competent General Manager of the Union, Rod Thomas, has done an extremely good job of ensuring that the Union remains profitable, and that it is constantly re-vitalising itself with initiatives such as the Refectory revamp. And the traditional duty of student Union Board members - to run social events throughout the year has

gradually been subsumed by the Students' Association. This has left the Union Chair to sign the occasional cheque, and sit self-importantly in his office shuffling papers from one side of the desk to the other in a desperate attempt to find something which can justify his existence.

This facade is usually quite benign, as was the case last year. The student Chair of the Board would pop into the Union for a few hours each week just to make sure students weren't being done over, and then left. No harm was done.

But this year, under the Chairship of ANU Liberal Club Vice-President Craig Simonetto, the benign but largely irrelevant position of Union Board Chair has turned malignant in two unpalatable respects. The first of these is his outrageous decision to accept an honorarium of \$15,000 out of our General Services Fee allocation. Let's put this in context. The SA President virtually gives up studies for a year - adding a year to their time at uni - and works between 40 and 70 hours per week and comes away with a bit over \$10,000,

or in the order of \$3 - \$5 per hour. Last year's Union Board Chair turned down any honorarium at all for the few hours a week he put in. Yet Simonetto pockets a whopping \$15,000 per year to remain a full-time student, keep his job at David Jones, and spend a few hours per week in the Union offices. We as students are paying him, somewhere between \$30 and \$60 per hour out of our GSF (which he has ideological objections to in the first place) to sign the occasional cheque and type up the occasional agenda.

The second nasty streak which Craig Simonetto has now introduced to the Union Chairship is abuse of the position for party-political advantage. When there was an alleged incident at the Liberal Club stall on Market Day during O-Week, Simonetto swung out of hibernation and put out the first press release of his reign. As soon as he saw the opportunity to score a few political points he was madly tapping on the keyboard. Simonetto's press release did not reveal that he was a Liberal Club office bearer, and he told 2CN's Alex Slone not that he was speaking in his

capacity as Club Vice-President, but "as a representative of the student body... with a welfare to 10,000 students". Students have a right to be angry that our Union Chair could convey a highly successful Market Day to the community as a violent affair, and that he could convey himself as an impartial student representative commenting on an incident in which he was thoroughly embroiled, despite having not lifted a finger to help the SA's O-Week Directors put on a great Market Day on behalf of his constituents.

Although the Union Board is not, in its current form, a terribly important body, it usually does no harm, and occasionally tackles a big issue such as the Nestle Ban or the issue of smoking in the Bar. However, the current Union Board Chair is being paid \$15,000 of student money to do little more than push his own particularly odious political barrow. He and his Board should be told firmly by the student body that this is going too far.

Comment is written by a contributor with the support of the News Editor.

# Head 2 Head

We all know that Liberals and Anarchists don't mix. But who would have ever thought that a bit of antagonism would descend into violence and name calling? Woroni predicts it will all end in tears when Craig Simonetto, Liberal and Chair of the Union Board, and Peter Jovanovic of the Anarchist Group take a stand and go Head to Head.

For the Liberals...

There are many things that belong at the ANU — for example Dolly's, fluff, Eco 1, Eco 1 again, Law School spankers and the concrete balls outside the Sports Union. But what doesn't belong here is violence. I'm not talking about violence for honourable reasons like foxy or Barslug. Rather I'm really talking about violence in the name of the most base pursuit of all — politics.

As you might or might not have heard there was an incident at this year's Market Day, or rather two incidents. The first began when in the mid-afternoon half a dozen people approached the Liberal Club stall and proceeded to abuse and threaten the sole member manning the stall at the time. Big deal you might say, and he's probably right. Nonetheless it takes a special degree of cowardice to rank your odds at 6 to 1 before you're tough enough to let anything other than your mouth do the talking. In the course of this fracas much stuff, including a national flag, was flung about.

Apparently these jokers were anarchists or some other halfbaked outfit. Apparently their beef was with the Government's aboriginal affairs policy although their own self-proclaimed experience with aboriginal people was with "the aboriginals we drink with at the Unibar". Nuff said.

The next incident occurred later after the odds had shortened a little. This time it was less a case of the revolution being in the hands of the people's mob than the revolution being in the hands of the just plain drunk. One bloke, who'd obviously been putting

One bloke, who'd obviously been putting Ma and Pa Australia's tax dollars to work at the Unibar, approached the stall and started forth with a torrent of abuse, aimed not only at the people on the stall but at any other poor student in the vicinity.

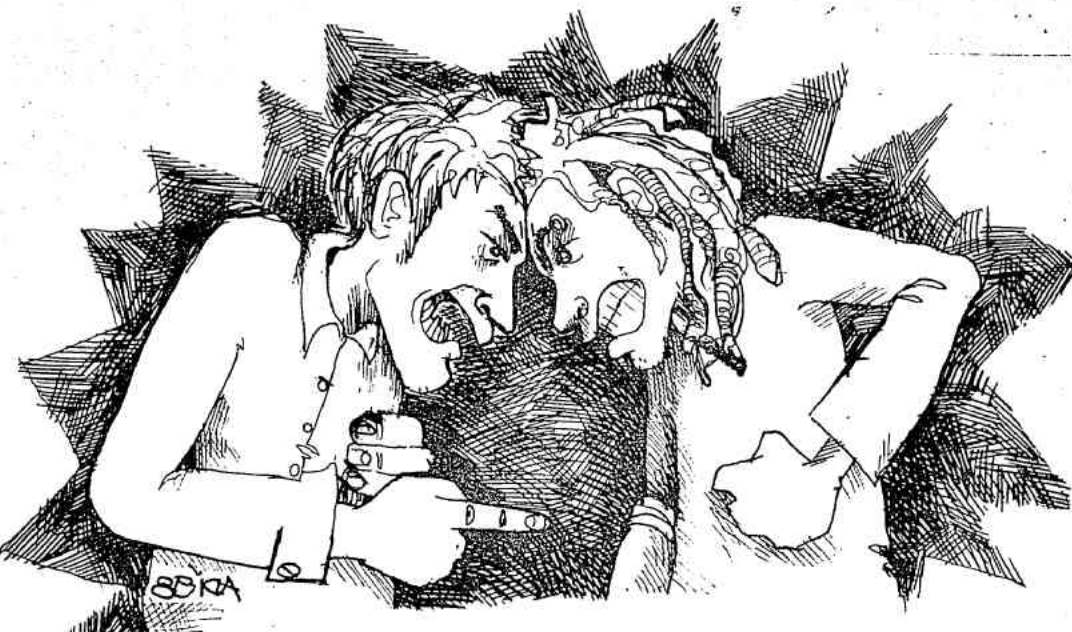
Ma and Pa Australia's tax dollars to work at the Unibar, approached the stall and started forth with a torrent of abuse, aimed not only at the people on the stall but at any other poor student in the vicinity. Anyway to keep a short story short a bit of pushing and shoving went on and more than a little dishonourable language was exchanged. Threats were offered and were doubled when this gentleman's 'cuz' turned up in an even more inebriated state.

Unsure whether these two drunks were natives of the ANU or just members of the National Union of Students executive, their offers of mutually assured fisticuffs were not accepted.

Now no one is saying that this kind

of behaviour marks the end of western civilisation (although it seems like some lefties around here wouldn't mind seeing that so long as they could still get a good latte served to their humpies) and we're not as bad as campuses down in Melbourne where NUS rule and anyone to the right of Natasha is likely to get their head punched in.

Nonetheless we have seen a real decline in standards at ANU lately and I'm not just talking about those degrees in performance dance that seem to have migrated here from UCAN. Two years



ago members of the Labor Club openly tried to stuff a ballot box, and a former President of the SA gobbled on police in front of the nation's TV cameras. Two years before that a gang of socialists bravely kicked a lone security guard to the ground during the Chancery occupation. Other events of dubious note have included the fights that have erupted when NUS has discovered they're going to again fail to consume the ANU and the inevitable slap fights when the Labor Students split in two, then three, then four...

Violence doesn't have any place in student politics — it's ridiculous enough already. But it's a real indictment on the left, whether drunk, stoned or whatever, when they can't even compete in the intellectual battle on campus.

What's even worse than the behaviour of these losers has been the gutless response of the Students' Association and its Democrat incumbents. After all these anarchists were probably just bottle-fed or didn't see enough of Daddy when they were little. But those limp-left advocates of the 'new politics' have been the worst offenders. By failing to condemn violence our student representatives have indicated to ANU students that when it's all boiled down, unless it is their interests that are under threat they couldn't care about what happens on campus. All students at the ANU deserve better.

For the Anarchists...

This debate is about the (non) events of the O-Week Market Day and more importantly the lies that Craig Simonetto and/or the ANU Liberal Club told about those events which were then duly repeated by some of the local capitalist media.

Firstly I would like to give my account of the events that took place around three in the afternoon on Wednesday 25 March. Four other guys and myself (at least one of whom was not in any sense an anarchist) decided to approach the Liberal stall to point

27 February *The Canberra Times* published a short piece on page 2 entitled "liberal acts mar market". Now I don't know if *The Canberra Times* actually talked to Craig or just reprinted his press release but they certainly made no attempt to find out the real story. I guess they figured anything said by someone as distinguished as Craig (he is the chair of the ANU Union Board) about a bunch of leftist scumbags must have been true.

One of the lies reprinted by *The Canberra Times* was that we ripped up the Liberals' Australian flag; well, if that were true perhaps Craig could show us the remains of his flag? Another lie was that the people involved were "reputedly associated with socialist and anarchist groups on campus"; well actually no-one there was a current member of either the Socialist Workers Student Club or Resistance, the two socialist groups on campus.

*The Canberra Times* piece ends with "the [Liberal] students have declined to press charges" — which is pretty funny because no matter how biased the capitalist legal system might be against leftist dissenters anyone who has passed first year Law at the ANU could get Craig's accusations against us thrown out of court.

In a minor aside those of you silly enough to have read the March 4 issue of that pathetic Leninist rag *Green Left Weekly* might have noticed that they were just as bad as the *Canberra Times*,

Four other guys and myself (at least one of whom was not in any sense an anarchist) decided to approach the Liberal stall to point out to the young cheerleaders for corporate rule the error of their evil capitalist ways.

by repeating the same allegations about the flag being ripped up in a piece written by ANU student Nikki Ulasowski then replying by quoting a press release from the SA which denied the allegations. Some Resistance members know what really happened and if they wanted to write about this incident they should have at least had the sense to talk to the people involved.

Still, if we are going to be accused of such things no matter what happens, maybe next time we really should rip up the Australian flag and destroy the Liberal Party's stall. See you next year at market day Craig, which seems to be the only time your vile club dares to raise its ugly head.

While our actions might seem silly to many, no-one was hurt and the only property damaged was a paper poster of which the Libs probably have dozens of copies. There was a slightly more serious incident later, which did not involve anyone connected with the anarchists, when apparently (I was not present) a mature age Aboriginal student approached Craig to abuse/argue with him, whereupon Craig pushed this student. He was duly pushed back and challenged to a fight which Craig wisely declined.

Did you push this man and not us just because he was Aboriginal, Craig, or did you actually have a good reason?

All these events were unimportant until poor distraught Craig sent off a press release which gave a grossly dishonest account of the above events. Because of this press release Craig got to repeat his lies on a local radio station, which unfortunately I didn't hear. Worse than his lies on radio, on Friday

debate



# letters

## The Obligatory Socialist Letter

The ACT Labor Student Network journal *ACTIVATE* (Right controlled) recently carried a number of snide remarks about socialists. This included an attempt to deny the readership of Socialist newspapers. For the record over 70 students bought Socialist Worker at the ANU during O-Week. Many of them had joined the Labor students in the hope of helping to get rid of the Liberal government and all that they represent. Overwhelmingly, they bought Socialist Worker because they were sick of Howard's racism towards Aborigines, because they opposed US and Australian troops threatening war in the Gulf, and because they opposed an education system based on class privilege. Labor's position is dubious on all counts. Labor has boasted about supporting 90% per cent of Howard's extinguishment 'amendments' on Native Title. Bomber Beazly stood with Howard and Clinton on committing troops to wage war on Iraq. Similarly, Labor's education policy remains unchanged from when they were last in office — starved for funds, up-front postgrad fees, HECS, the market and all. The Socialist Worker Student Club will be campaigning for a vote for Labor to get rid of the Liberals at the next Federal Election. Lets face it, the minor middle class parties are no real alternative. The Democrats supported the Liberals Workplace Relations Act which is currently being used in an attempt to de-unionise the Maritime workers. And the ACT Greens have indicated their willingness to support another ACT Liberal government. Any challenge to entrenched class privilege and wealth will have to be fought for outside of Parliament by workers, by students and Aboriginal people. Socialist Worker is a part of building that alternative.

—Luke Deer, Socialist Worker Student Club

## Jason: still obsessed with porn

Having read the Women's Department's response to my article 'Porn Again' I feel compelled to write. Firstly, to apologise to Kate Harriden for the great differences between the earlier draft she was criticising and the version that made print. This meant that her quotes were no longer present in the article and undermined the response, though it seems she missed a number of key points including that the Webmasters of exhibitionist sites are the women themselves. The article aimed to show how the Internet is developing new avenues for expression, in particular a form of pornography which provides greater subjectivity and empowers these women (through giving them a voice and the potential to run businesses on their own terms).

Secondly, to state that I feel uncomfortable with the label Feminist. Feminism supports a broad variety of (occasionally contradictory) views, some of which I support but on the whole feel that the term doesn't sit comfortably with my XY chromosomes. Cherie Nowlan (director of *Thank God he met Lizzie*) described my position best as a "deconstructed male".

The feminist criticisms were extrapolated from readings (notably Linda Williams and Andrew Ross) and the article itself was originally an essay for Representation & Gender (offered by Women's Studies) in which I was attempting to use feminist theory to support an argument which counters feminist philosophy in general.

Having cleared this matter I'd finally like to thank Editor Katie Fraser for her patience and superb, yet ruthless work on the piece.

Jason Richardson

## Isn't the world a nice place?

On Monday the 2nd of March I misplaced my wallet and never expected to see it again, or certainly not intact anyway. Late that afternoon I received a phone call to say that my wallet had been handed in and upon collecting it I found that everything was

still there, even my money. I would like to say thank you to the honest person who did this as it would have been so easy for them to take what ever they wanted and dump it. Not only did getting it back save me from the hassle of replacing everything, it made me aware that there are at least some people who are not out for only just themselves. So if I am ever in the future, put in the position of "finder", I will remember the kind act that someone turned me.

Yours sincerely,

Phillippa Stanger

## Aboriginal Students: eligible to be attacked at any time?

The chairman of the ANU Union Board of Management statements in the CT Thursday 26/3/98 regarding

an incident at the Liberal Student's O week stall the day before were inaccurate. Half a dozen students did confront the a Liberal student at the stall. A heated discussion ensued in which this Liberal, one time resident of Alice Springs was surprised to learn there were indigenous Australians native to the Canberra area. In the discussion two six inch Australian flag paper weights were overturned and a placard upset. There was no destruction of property, no threats and no personal violence.

The same could not be said of a later encounter when an aboriginal student approached the Liberal stall to continue the discussion. He was asked to produce a student card and then assaulted. Liberal students seem to believe that Aboriginal people are incongruous at an institution of tertiary learning, and are eligible to be physically attacked at any time.

Outraged, the aboriginal student later returned to the stall, this time with another aboriginal person. When the

Liberal students saw the pair approaching, ashamed of their racist actions they vacated the stall. Unsatisfied the aboriginal student involved is considering pressing assault charges.

Yours sincerely,

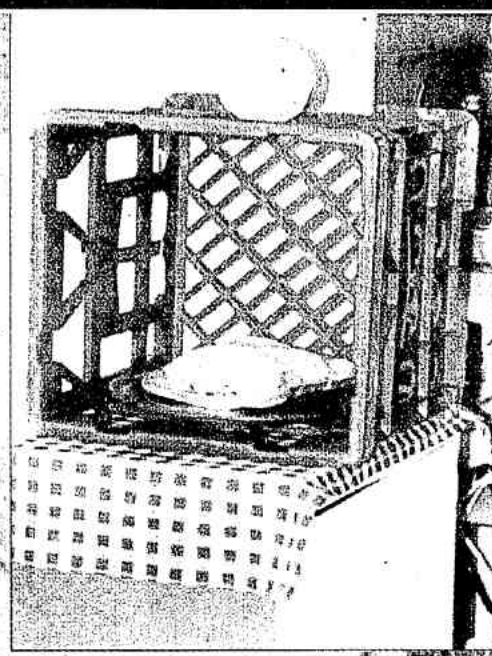
— Gerald Keaney

Although Woroni may give the impression that it simply doesn't give a shit about you, the insignificant reader, we assure you that it's all a very 90s, slacker generation, "my parents are divorced which is why I'm so fucked", front. Besides that it helps us fill reams of space we so desperately need each time deadline rolls around. So feel free to write us more letters, because God only knows we need them as much as we need you.

If you've got letters just drop them into the Woroni office at the Student's Association or e-mail on [woroni\\_articles@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au) or try faxing on (02) 62493967.



# HOUSE PARTY



## HOME BREW

The home brew kit is a group house oddity. Bought with the full intention of creating endless great tasting and, above all, cheap beer, it rarely gets put into active service. And when some dedicated sharee decides that it's time to get off his/her lazy arse and something the fuck about it the usually vile results of the first batch are often enough to kill off all hope of future use. Thus the homebrew kit, once so full of glorious expectation, is relegated to the cupboard from which it will never again return. Honestly, whose kidding themselves? In households where people are too lethargic to be bothered doing the washing up for six months, as if anyone is actually going to be bothered to do what it took Carlton a hundred years to perfect.

## MILK CRATE

There is little doubt that the milk crate reigns supreme as the ultimate group house accessory. It would be a cliché to say that the milk crate is the final word in student furnishings if it weren't so true. From bad book cases to bad stools. From bad beds to bad storage receptacles the milk crate has a million functions and yet successfully manages to fulfil none of its roles efficiently. But here's a nifty twist on some of those multiplicitous possibilities, simply take a milk crate, put in an old glass plate, add a timer and, voila, an instant microwave oven! Defrost chicken in minutes, dry out pot in seconds and heat up two minute noodles in under a minute. Don't ever say that the crates been bad to you.



## GOON AND BLENDERS

A cask of goon is a student must. Not only is it perfect getting totally wasted on the smallest possible budget it also has milk-cratesque furniture properties. Not only that but once all the sweetly tepid nectar has been drunk you can take out the silver bladder, blow it up and use it as a pillow, flotation device or for an indoor game of Aussie Rules that is guaranteed to break nothing. Broken blenders are also a student must-have. These appliances usually feature enough horsepower to run a tank but not enough control to dice a banana.

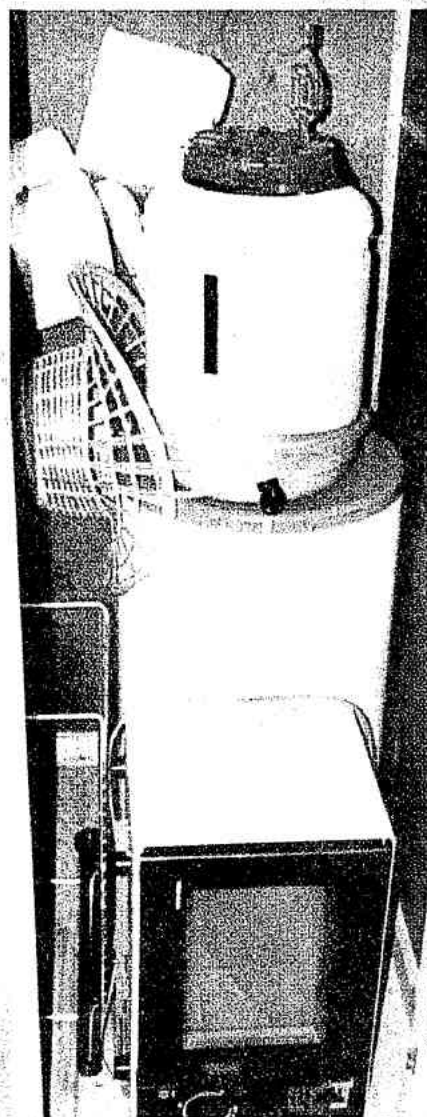


## BBQ

As everyone well knows no one does any cooking to speak of in a group house, thus the barbecue that some suburban builder made in the hope that a family would gather around and peacefully discuss the day's issues whilst staring into the coals becomes instead a sight of desecration. Barbecues still possess the ability to magically draw people to their vicinity for conversation whilst at a party, however the only difference with a share-house barbie is that no one ever lights it and as the night goes on it becomes an increasingly convenient bottle dump.

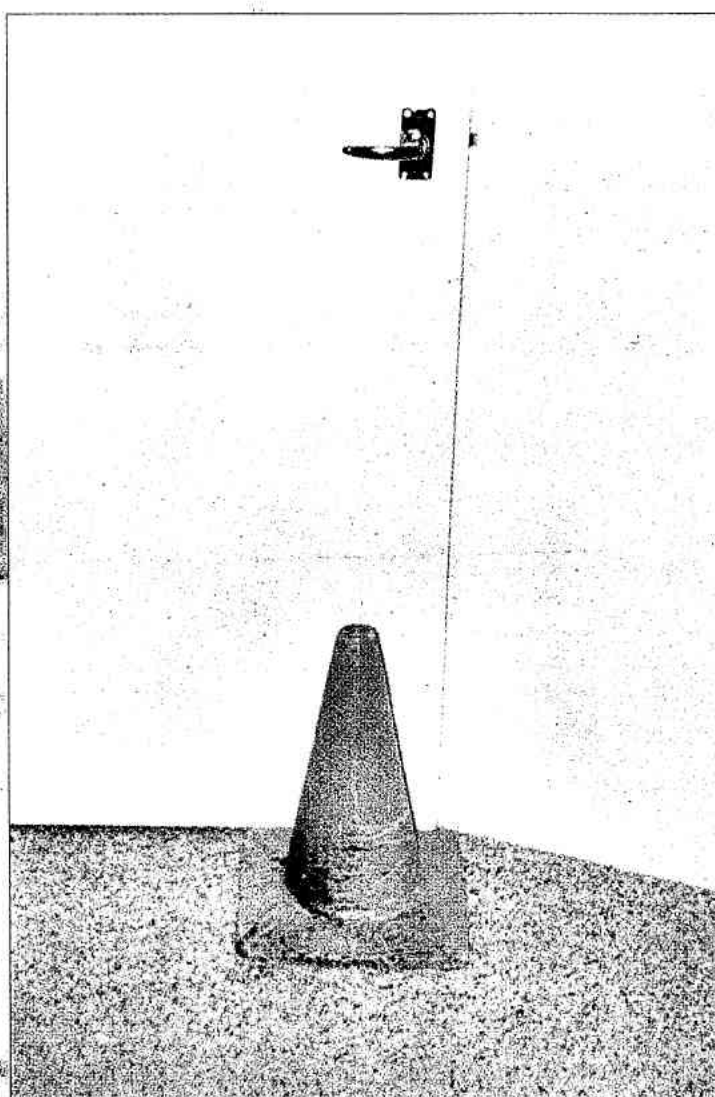
## ELECTRONICA

All student abodes seem to possess an inordinate amount of electrical equipment, only half of which ever works. When 70s Hi-Fi design starts becoming trendy again — jolly big knobs, lots of silver, flat fronts and smoky glass over the turntable — trendy architects and designers could do worse than raid an apartment across the country. The cords are invariably tangled with those attached to video players that no longer record or TV screens that have big green bands running across the picture. Simply enormous speakers are another feature of useless equipment because, whilst they look like they could shake the frescoes off the Sistine Ceiling, they rarely have more power than a Sony walkman. All this is complemented by a box of CDs that are always mixed up by the time someone moves out. Sit back and watch the sparks fly while people threaten one another with kitchen knives yelling, "That's my fucking copy of *Crooked Rain*!" So put it down and back out slowly.



## WITCHES HAT

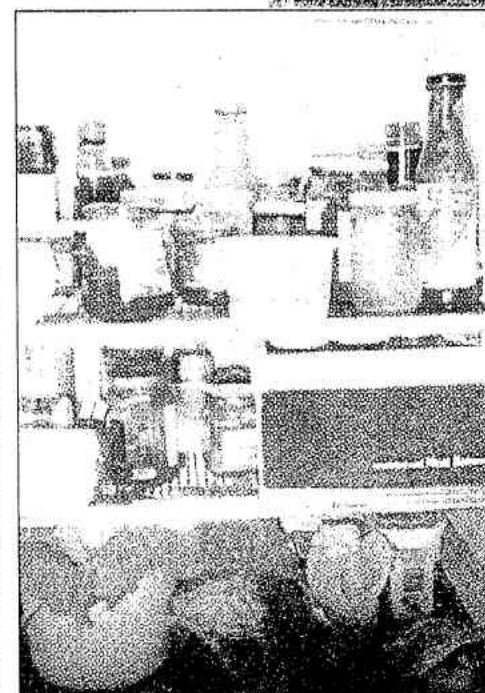
The stolen witches hat exerts a presence so eerily lifelike that it begins to take on the role of inanimate pet in every group house. The witches hat, like the milk crate, serves various purposes. But unlike the crate the hat's properties tend to be of a more abstract kind. Sure you can use them a doorstop, a leg on a wobbly coffee table or even as a really, really, big cone for your bong, but the simple presence of a witches hat around the house is akin to one of those "pets as therapy" dogs gallivanting around and licking your face. Always there, always will be... student therapy.



Remember that scene in *Reality Bites* where the "square" boyfriend is introduced to the "wacky perma" members of the kooky group house and offered a very naughty bong (that film sure didn't pull any punches with uncompromisingly brutal depictions of reality did it)? If you do then you're someone who either watches far too many badly cliched Generation X films, or, your someone after my own heart, i.e. someone who pays close attention to both the dynamics and decor of student housing. So come with me, **Brandon SHAMMA**, on a magical mystery tour, without the ban and the bright colours, of the many facets that are the interior decor of student housing.

## CRUSTY FRIDGES

Students pride themselves on knowing all about the millions of different types of pesto, chilli sauces and hummus on the market. This complete culinary overkill is usually caused by an inadequacy complex invented by students to deal with their sense of perceived guilt about having grown up in bland Aussie suburban households. As soon as they hit uni they feel as though they are suddenly part of a (entirely imagined mind you) cosmopolitan landscape, and thus make up for years of suburban bliss by eating as many kooky condiments as it is possible to cram into a fridge. This love of condiments also extends to jams, of which there are usually four types in any given fridge, tomato paste which goes mouldy because no one actually bothers to ever cook with it and fancy types of lettuce that soon start to join the rest of the sludge at the bottom of the vegie drawer because, whilst it might be nice to look at, it's not as if you could be bothered eating vegetables.



## BOOK CASE

Another standard share house object is the attractive and functional plank and brick book case. This little ripper has been doing the rounds since student time began and is a little design classic that you can have in your home at a very reasonable price. It combines all the craftsmanship of a piece of finely made Morris furniture with the austerity and rigour of design found in early Bauhaus pieces. The brick and plank is a sculptural structure worthy of Brancusi — right in your own hovel!



## THE BEAN BAG

The bean bag functions on many levels. It is a testament to its unspoken powers that for one to place a bean bag in the middle of the room, is to mysteriously draw all others towards whomsoever has chosen to sit in it. The bag is also has the allure of "retro chic" which offers the owner the comfortable camouflage of pretending that it isn't to be taken seriously as a piece of furniture within the decor of one's house. This of course is a mere front, because as soon as everyone leaves you know you will slide longingly into its tender vinyl folds, allowing its plasticity to embrace your body as you experience the guiltiest of guilty pleasures. All this service comes at a price however because the bean bag regularly demands attention back. Mysterious leaks that spring from no visible holes are both a reminder of mortality and a command of respect.

## THE COUCH

What is it, for my money, that separates a truly hard-core group house from one that makes merely token attempts to be ferar? The answer is found in the couch. Truly hideous couches know but one final resting place and that is student share accommodation. Like children who eat Burger Rings ravenously but then grow out of them once they develop grown-up taste buds, the student aesthetic sensibility is not yet developed to a point where he or she can say, "That couch is so utterly disgusting that I could not even bear thinking it was in the house next door let alone in my place." Thus like a refuge shelter for the disabled or elderly the group house becomes a haven for the final days of these couches rejected by society.



## PULP FICTION POSTER

Ahhhhh the Pulp Fiction poster, the ultimate cliché in 90s group house decoration. When people get retro on 80s group houses they start thinking of such items as, say, an album by the *Human League*, a poster of Robert Smith looking really try-hard or a denim jacket lying in the corner. When people start getting nostalgic for the 90s however it will be to this that they turn. On a par with the "Kurt Cobain looking kooky and insane" poster and one of those "really trippy chaos theory (they lets get stoned and look at it)" posters, this one nonetheless receives the gong for the ultimate student try-hard attempt at being art house. Congratulations Mr Tarantino you've made many 20 year olds with no idea very, very happy.



## COMPLETE STRANGERS

Do you know who this girl is? There's a good chance that not only does no one else in your house but she doesn't either. Waking up in the company of strangers is a group house special, and whether they're in your bed or not the chances are the experience can still be quite disturbing. I mean how do you convince your landlady who arrived that morning for an inspection that you're well-behaved and not having guests stay when a hungover tart with her underpants on the outside of her jeans walks past and says, "Don't mind me, I've just been sick in your garage, compactors so it should be easy to clean up."



# Abortion dilemma of choice

In the light of the now infamous case in Western Australia Nick Dynan interviews two groups, one pro and one anti-abortion on their interpretations of events and the possible consequences of the case for laws at both a federal and state level.

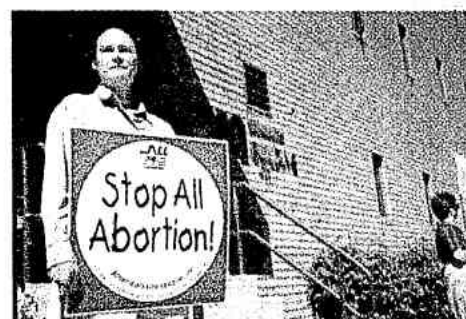
When two doctors were charged over performing abortions in West Australia last month, the abortion debate once again raised its war-weary head to do battle. After a foetus was discovered in a home refrigerator awaiting private burial, a surprisingly conservative interpretation of WA's criminal code saw doctors Victor Chan and Hoh Peng Lee meet with the long arm of the law. Fearful of a police crackdown after being warned to stop terminations, nurses and clinics across the state ceased provision of abortion services. The state government was then forced to intervene to defuse the crisis after women began travelling interstate

for abortions. One pregnant woman had even been hospitalised after sustaining injuries

from a self-abortion attempt which may have been performed with the use of a knitting needle.

While the WA crisis caught most in an unexpected frenzy, it was a situation just waiting to happen. You see, although there has been a wider social acceptance of, and provision of abortions 'on demand' over the past 30 years, it has continued to constitute a criminal offence in WA and in other parts of Australia. This is a growing contradiction that successive governments, politically fearful of lobby group backlash, and plagued by apathy and indecision, have been sweeping under the carpet for decades. With one eye open, governments maintain the illegality of abortion 'on demand' to keep pro-life feathers unruffled; and with one eye closed, governments keep the back

*[With one eye open, governments maintain the illegality of abortion 'on demand' to keep pro-life feathers unruffled; and with one eye closed, governments keep the back door slightly ajar for the pro-choice views of an increasing majority]*



door slightly ajar for the pro-choice views of an increasing majority. Although the back door is obviously better than the backyard, it is, according to women's groups, unacceptable in 1990s Australia.

The abortion debate has long been a multi-tiered one. Over time it has been argued on its theological, moral, medical, legal, social, and also individual dimensions. However irrelevant it may seem to many in our society, religious pro-life groups such as the Life Institute and Last Days Ministries (US) fill their anti-abortion manifestos with bible quotes such as "Now the word of the Lord came to me saying, 'Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you...'" (Jer. 1:4-5). Other Pro-life groups, such as Right to Life, have concentrated more on moralistic and medical issues.

While the pro-life groups ponder the big questions of God, life, and the nature of humanity, the pro-choice lobby focus on the social and individual dimensions of the debate. Women's groups believe that the abortion debate has long been dominated by men and an over-representation of moral conservatives in politics. They assert that wide community support for legal abortion has been ill-reflected in parliament and that the lack of abortion services in the public health system is especially damning for economically disadvantaged women.

It ultimately boils down to a question of rights - the rights of the unborn versus the rights of the woman. And as the following interviews show, both sides of the debate use the notion of human rights as a crucial ingredient in the formulation of their own arguments. With 'rights' being used to advocate the case of both 'for' and 'against', and with the high emotion with which both camps dig their heels in, it is not too difficult to understand why the ambiguous abortion stalemate continues.

Helen Kerr, President of Children by Choice - a pro-choice information and referral service based in conservative Queensland:

What, in your opinion, was the most important problem or issue to come out of the recent West Australian experience?

HK: The fact that the dichotomy between practice and law is not in the long term tenable and that the abortion laws must be repealed. Women are vulnerable if the law actually says one thing and practice says another. So I think the main thing that came out of it is that the situation with abortion in the criminal codes and criminal acts of the states is unacceptable.

Do you think such groups as the Roman Catholic church and Right to Life have a legitimate place in the abortion debate?

HK: I think that any group or person in a democracy has a right to express their view. I think that this is a question of women's rights and human rights and to not allow women the means by which to control their fertility - to force women to bear children that they do not wish to bear - is clearly in breach of clauses within the Declaration of human rights. So I think [those groups] certainly have the right and a role to express their opinion, they do not have a right to impose their minority belief.

When it comes down to it, women must be treated as full citizens - full

human beings - [and] be trusted to make decisions. The laws as they stand criminalise one third of women - it's one in three women who have an abortion at sometime during their reproductive lives.

What is your critique of the role of governments on the issue of abortion?

HK: Parliamentarians have been wimps over this. They have hidden behind conscience votes, they've hidden behind "it won't get through caucus". The fact is that they are not representing the majority of people. One wonders whether it is because in fact that the status of women is not a priority for them or [because] they've been hijacked by the minority moral right groups...None of the governments have been responsible about this, and although people like Carmen Lawrence said in West Australia that "this is unacceptable", [she] didn't do anything to change the law when she was in power.

How would you describe the access to information and services in your state for women considering an abortion?

HK: It's a bit dismal. Children by Choice...is a pro-choice information and counselling service. Last year the government de-funded us, they don't give us any funding now. Michael Horan, who is a 'right to life'...is on record as saying Children by Choice referred too many women for abortions.

In Queensland we virtually have no abortions available in the public health system - Queensland is bad; the other states aren't great.

R.J.Gibbs, The Community & Family Rights Council:

What is the Community & Family Rights Council and what is its stance on abortion?

RG: CFRC is a Christian based volunteer community lobby group. Our aim is to research key issues, discuss the implications of our findings and to inform and educate the public and politicians about these findings.

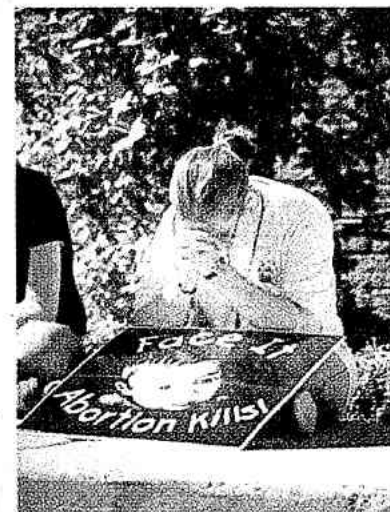
In your opinion, what was the most significant problem or issue to come out of the recent West Australian experience?

RG: The conflict between the practice of abortion, or foeticide and International Human Rights obligations. The International Treaty on the Rights of the Child clearly states that a child is entitled to protection before as well as after birth therefore abortion or foeticide is a violation of the humanitarian principles of the United Nations. It also seems to violate the Hippocratic oath, (first, do no harm) or is that the Hippocratic oath? Moves to widen the law in WA are in contempt of the Rights of the Child Treaty, and cannot lawfully be implemented.

What is your critique of the role of governments on the issue of abortion?

RG: Governments seem to be hypocritical when they bend over backwards to over-rule state law (sexual conduct privacy Act 1994) on the prohibition of sodomy, based on an in-

*[The International Treaty on the Rights of the Child clearly states that a child is entitled to protection before or after birth, and therefore abortion or foeticide is a violation of the humanitarian principles of the United Nations]*



(left) pro-lifers campaign outside the first American University to perform abortions on campus

## MORAL is not a dirty word



Pro-abortionists in recent years have been fighting an increasingly self-defeating battle. Self-defeating because so many of their arguments have become clearly contradictory.

The issue in the 70s between the two sides was often centred around the question of whether or not the foetus was a person or merely a lump of cells. In recent years however medical research has clearly shown the degree to which a foetus is merely a physically underdeveloped human being, as opposed to a simple mass of tissue. The odd thing is that many feminists and pro-abortion campaigners have also come to accept this but have proceeded to arrive at the stunning conclusion, as does Naomi Wolfe amongst others, that it is for the good of the child that they be aborted!

Such an argument has always horrified me. The justification that it is out of sheer practical necessity that a child be killed ignores all the ethical underpinnings that we have had the luxury to take for granted - our entire lives.

Such arguments constantly centre around the rights of the individual and their rights to choose. But the fact is that, dodge it as we might, we are still talking about the rights of two individuals, and euphemisms such as "safe" and "clean" are simply not much good when what we are discussing is essentially the cessation of another individual's right to self-determination. Pretending that having an abortion is simply like having your tonsils out or having a prostate operation, as Mischa Shubert in *The Australian* said, is simply no longer an argument. One must be prepared to face the facts that this is terminating a life. No matter how disturbing that may sound.

Another favourite argument of the pro-abortion league is not in fact an argument at all but a declaration of pious self-righteousness. When discussing anti-abortionists a common tactic is to group them under the same banner of those extremists, often in the US, who bomb clinics and even murder doctors that perform

abortions. To imply that this represents the aims of such groups as Right to Life is as ridiculous as it is if one were to characterise Moslems as a bunch of kefti-wearing plane hijackers. Clearly such actions are not condoned by the majority of anti-abortion thinkers, most of whom are as against the legalisation of the death penalty as they are against abortion.

Finally there is the argument that to decry abortion is to judge the women who have them - nothing could be further from the truth. Who knows why women have abortions. To me it is perfectly understandable that a young woman in high school, frightened for her future, would turn to abortion as a solution for her problem (this being but one example in many). The problem is however that being understandable and being morally right are two entirely different things and in a society where individual choice is put above the qualities of self-sacrifice and responsibility for one's actions it is hardly surprising that the two become confused.

To put my anti-abortion stance into a personal perspective however I think one of those compulsory opinion pieces "I was there - stones" is in order. Once, whilst walking down a street in Bangkok, I saw a man viciously beating a woman on the side of the road. I watched in horror as both passer-bys and the police did nothing. Although I realised I was in a society with a clearly different set of values concerning such things, and that there was potential danger involved, I felt that I could not simply stand back and, like the rest, allow a clear injustice to be perpetrated. I intervened by telling him off as best I could and eventually embarrassed him to such a degree that he stormed off. This is what it is like for me to see what you know is a moral injustice and yet see others standing blindly by. It is no business of mine what people do in their bedrooms, but when I see something involving someone with no ability to stand up for their own rights I feel compelled to some degree of action.

Tom Reeves



(above) pro-life protesters campaigned for abortion rights at the ANU in the 70's

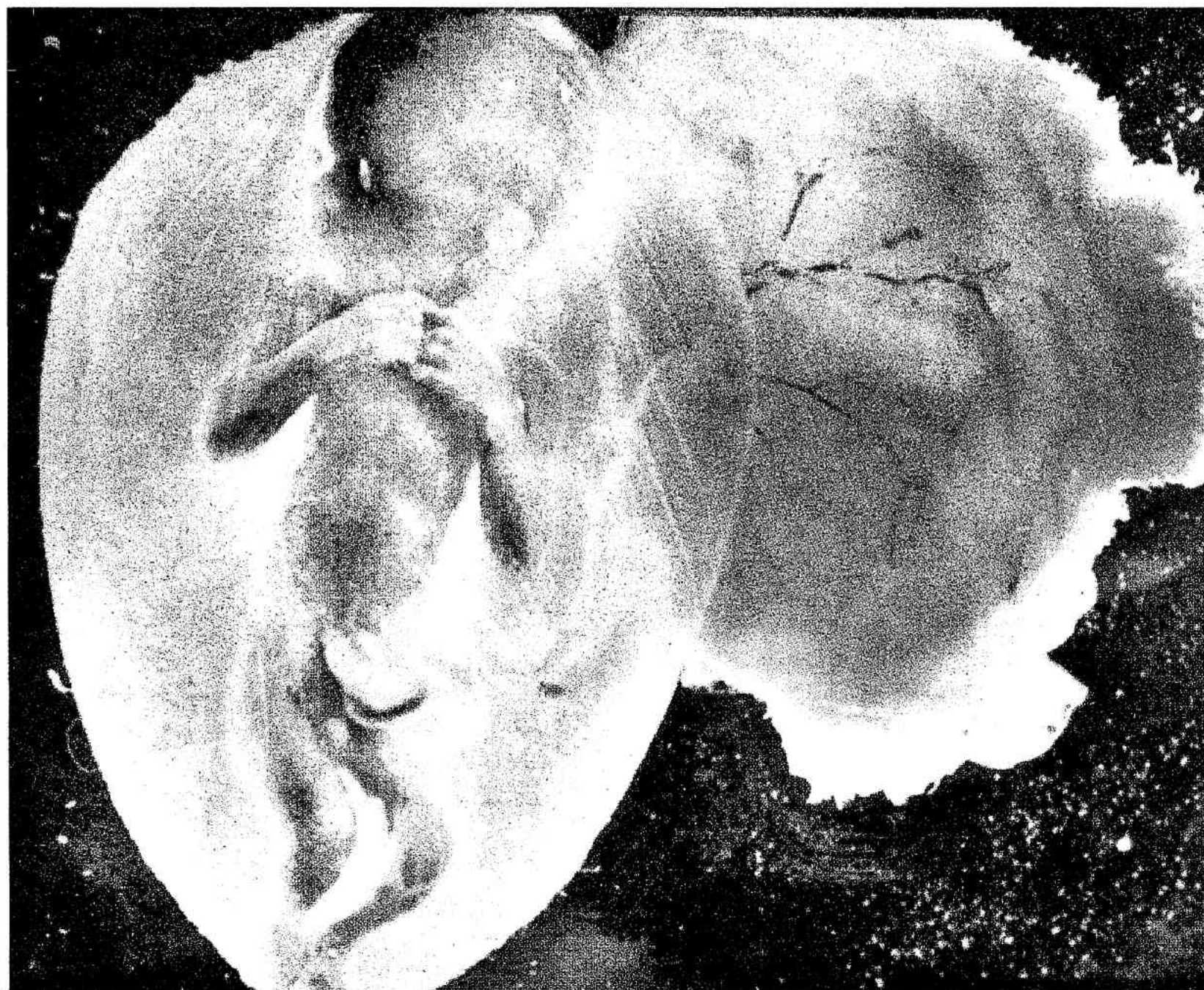
ferred and remote link between sex (gender) and sexual preference in an international treaty, the view of an unelected group of 18 United Nations experts — yet hardly raise a blush when 100,000 unborn and viable human lives are snuffed out in barbaric procedures in contravention of the clear and unambiguous wording of the Rights of the Child convention.

What is the outcome you are looking for? Do you think you will succeed in achieving it, and why?

RG: Clarification in law that abortion (foeticide) is unlawful unless the life of the mother (not the lifestyle) is actually at risk and govt funded education on greater awareness of the socio-economic benefits of responsible sexual conduct.

Such programs will succeed in the long run, because people are becoming increasingly aware of the serious post-foeticide trauma suffered by women who abort, and the link between foeticide and breast cancer. We also believe society is becoming less able to fund the multitude of single mums, homeless youth and crime, and will call for greater self control and social responsibility. We also see society becoming more interested in preserving family and community values, rather than politically correct trendy, alternative lifestyles.

Despite the controversy, abortion remains one of the most common medical procedures, with 80,000 terminations conducted in Australia per year. Apparently a lower proportion of pregnancies end in termination today than was the case in the 1930s (one in four as opposed to one in three), but the significant difference is the elimination of virtually all abortion-related deaths. Surrounded by legal ambiguity and political hypocrisy, the one constant in the abortion issue is demand: whether legal or illegal, there will always be a demand for the termination of un-



(above) a human foetus at 8 weeks

## Opinion: Paul ponders the rights of the individual

**the pro-choice lobby focus on the social and individual dimensions of the debate. Women's groups believe that the abortion debate has long been dominated by men and an over-representation of moral conservatives in politics....and that the lack of abortion services in the public health system is especially damning for economically disadvantaged women.**

wanted pregnancies for whatever reason. This is where high-handed moralising and political manoeuvring meets social reality - a reality which our elected representatives choose largely to ignore. Abortion is not a problem, it is a reality. The problem lies in the failure of government thus far to face this reality with both eyes open.

According to a recent study, the real trauma experienced by women who opt for an abortion is caused by troubles in obtaining information and access to abortion services and not by the termination itself. Although the definition of legal abortion is extremely narrow, the grounds for abortion are in practice broad enough to allow all but a few to take place. Most abortions are per-

formed by suction curettage in which a slender tube is inserted into the uterus via the cervix, using suction to empty the uterus. And while this procedure may appal some and send chills down the spines of others, it is generally safe - and a far cry from "backyard" abortion horror stories of the past. In the ACT, confidential and non-discriminatory information, referral and pregnancy counselling can be sought from Pathways (Ph.6257 7433, Ground Floor Griffin Centre, Bunda St. Civic); Abortion Counselling Service (Ph.6247 8070); Family Planning ACT (Ph.6248 6222, Childers St. Civic); and Reproductive Healthcare Services (Ph.6257 4766, ACT Health Building, 1st Floor, cnr Alinga & Moore Streets, Civic). ■

Every Friday lunchtime in Civic, just across the road from the G.P.O. and not too far from uni, a group of about ten or fifteen people kneel and stand silently, in a prayer vigil, according to the signs, for "the unborn". It's strange, but even though this handful of people is not doing much or saying anything, they make me simultaneously sadder and angrier than anything else has for a long long time.

Does anyone out there remember Dr. David L. Gunn? Ever heard about Richard Andrews? It always strikes me as strange that in a debate centering around the individual's right to choose for themselves, those incidents that make the news are those which deal with that choice being taken away. We're talking abortion, ladies and gentlemen, and the charging of two doctors in Perth recently for attempting to procure an abortion has again brought the issue into the news. (It's also more than a little weird that the people usually seen to be newsworthy when it comes to abortion are men.)

Dr. David L. Gunn was the doctor who was shot and killed in the United States by pro-life activists for performing abortions. Richard Andrews pleaded guilty a few weeks ago in the U.S. to setting fire to seven family planning clinics across the western states. According to the U.S. National Abortion Federation, there have been more than 1000 acts of violence against those providing abortions in America since 1977, from death threats, arson, assault and shootings to bombings and murder. Admittedly, we live in good ol' Australia, not the U.S.A., and most here have grown used to the idea of abortion. While some doctors will still refuse

to help, there are many safe and reliable places to go. But even though statistics show that one in three women will have an abortion, the procedure is still part of various States' Crimes Acts.

Of course, the simple fact that people do something does not make it right, nor does the fact that they would do it no matter what. Abortion is not a panacea, it is not an easy solution to anything. But according to a Bulletin-Morgan poll released on the 22nd of February, 65% of Australians are in favour of abortion being available on demand, and more than half feel that abortions should be easier to obtain. Law reform anyone??

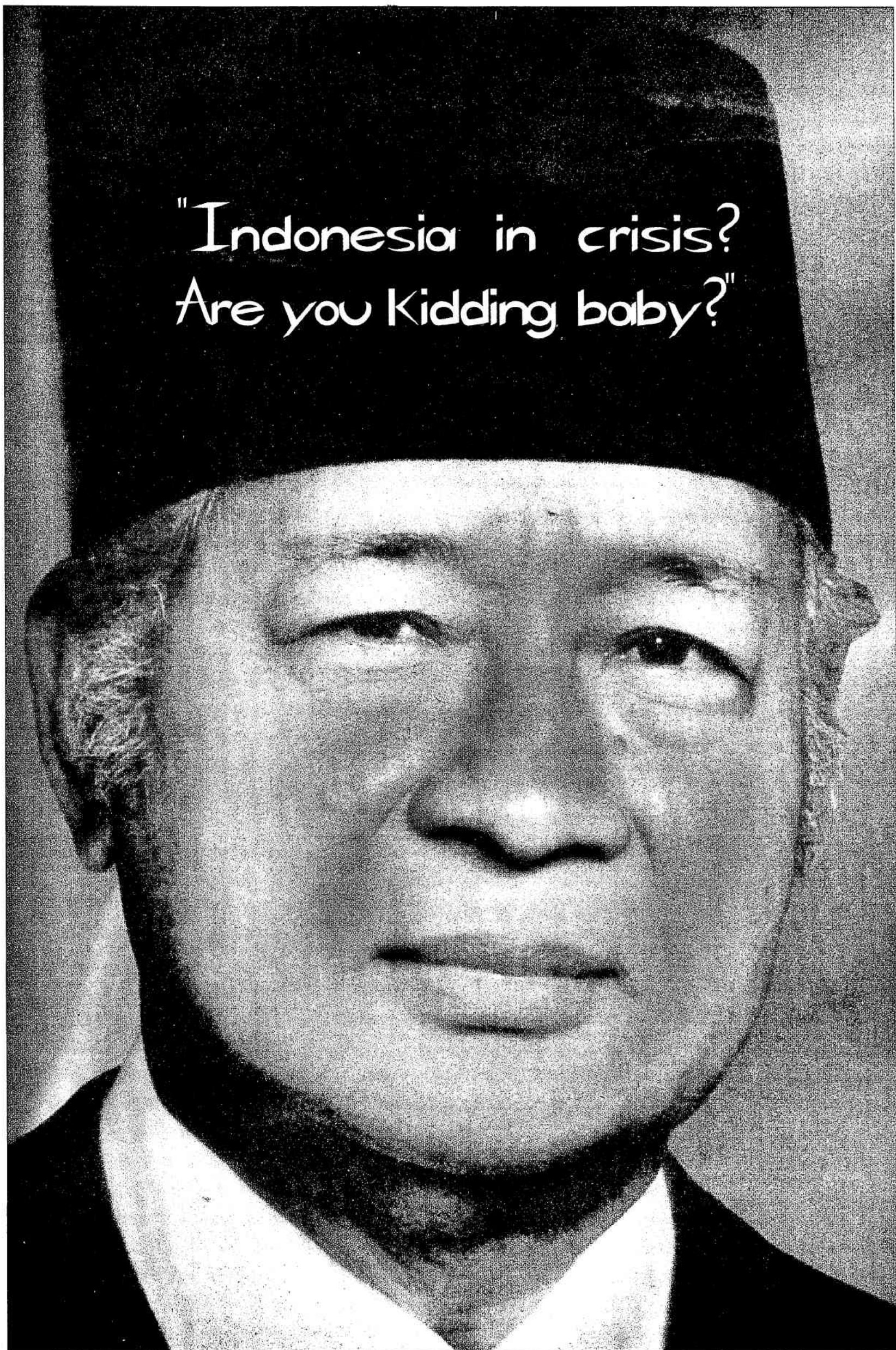
I am aware that, to a pro-life supporter, my views are probably as disgusting as the spectacle of people kneeling in Civic, praying for the unborn is to me. I totally support every person's right to have their own views, and, to a certain extent, to express those views. But I don't think an opinion piece like this is quite the same as kneeling on the footpath in town, or, for that matter, confronting women outside abortion clinics, threatening them and the staff, and definitely not the same as resorting to violence. And this issue goes beyond your or my right to express our views, because, as the case against the Perth doctors shows, this is a matter of legislation.

In a moment from one of my favourite movies, the main character, a fabulously lecherous and drunken old poet, gets into a bar brawl with a biker when he dares to ask if the biker has a personal "considered philosophical position". He, of course, gets his nose broken, but the point is that I think it is important to have one of those con-

sidered position things, even if it is subject to regular rewriting. Fundamental to mine is a belief in the importance of the individual's autonomy over him/herself, and the freedom necessary to make his or her own decisions. I would hasten to add that this does not rule out responsibilities to others, and to the community as a whole, but I think the individual right is the primary one. In attempting to write legislation you run into all the individual vs. society problems, but with the specific case of abortion in Australia in the 90s, doesn't the individual's autonomy count for something, and couldn't abortion quite easily be cut out of the Crime Acts?

What I think is most important here is a sense of respect. Respect for the individual's right to control over their own body, respect for their right to make their own (hopefully informed) decisions, and most of all, a respect for their right to do it all in private. Privacy seems to be something that, to a large degree, we have neglected in our society, and which deserves a comeback. A decision about something like an abortion is a matter for the woman, her partner and their doctor. And no-one else, unless they want it to be. There is nothing wrong with trying to help people around you, but when it is in the name of a "cause", then sometimes it would have been better just to leave them alone. I think help should be offered just for the sake of helping, not because it is "right". Respect the intelligence, and privacy of those around you... and the world will be a lovely place. Here endeth the lesson. See ya.

(Thanks to Ramona Koval's article in the Weekend Australian Feb. 21-22 for the statistics and enlightenment.) ■



"Indonesia in crisis?  
Are you kidding baby?"

Riots in Indonesia? Are you kidding? ANU student and a member of the Indonesian bourgeois WATON BAGASKARA went back to Indonesia over the summer and found that although he couldn't afford Armani, he could still afford Prada, his rich friend still owned seven porsches, and that the riots that were supposed to be happening on his doorstep were always somewhere far far away. It wasn't until he came back to Australia that he realised that something serious really had been going on...Woroni gives YOU the hard fax...

For the first week back in Canberra this year I thought Australians were a bunch of chronic fatalists. I am an Indonesian and I spent this first week back at the ANU reading, watching, and listening to reports about the monetary crisis in Indonesia. Newspapers, TV, radio, all are full of journos saying how bad things are in Indonesia.

I was baffled, confused. After all I just spent three months in Jakarta and I didn't see a single riot, nor did I see any violent demonstrations, in fact, the only violence I encountered was when I almost got beaten up in a death-metal concert because I wasn't wearing death/grind/black/porn-metal t-shirt.

Sure, inflation has made prices skyrocketed. I could no longer buy an Armani suit, my brother had to stop feeding his cats imported Aussie cat-food, my mom had to postpone her pilgrimage to Mecca, and my dad had to make do with a pair of Rockport shoes instead of the usual Salvatore Ferragamo pair. But the price increase is still not as bad as the devaluation of rupiah against the US greenbacks or the Aussie dollars. So my parents, who have their own foreign reserves of US dollars stacked up under their pillows (literally, since Indonesian banks are even more unreliable than Garuda), can still afford my uni fees and my everyday expense.

That's why I'm still here. Surely things are not as bad as the Aussie journos make out if I'm still here and not stranded back in Indonesia because I can't afford to pay my upfront-fees, just as the journos said had happened to thousands of Indonesians? I mean, by Indonesian standard my parents are not even that rich, and most of the families who send their kids to study abroad are richer than my parents. For comparison, my friend's parents, who own a real estate company, have seven imported Porsches (luxury car tax: 300%), one for each family member, and my dad only has a Mazda assembled in Indonesia.

So in the past week I laughed my ass off thinking of Louise Williams (Sydney Morning Herald), Patrick Walters (The Australian) and Michael Marr (ABC), how they must have been indoctrinated by fatalistic anti-Suharto Indonesian journos (Indonesian journos cannot write what they think on paper, lest they be called subversive, so they specialize on rumour-mongering).

I became very prone to sudden bursts of laughter while reading newspapers in the quietude of the library or even on the streets while listening to the radio with my state-of-the-art Bang & Olufsen Walkman. Not wanting to be thought a nut for laughing alone with no apparent reason I rang my Indo friends, I wanted to share my amusement with them.

That's when I realized that half of my Indo friends didn't make it back to Canberra. Louise, Patrick, and Mike were right after all. And furthermore, it was only then that I found out from some of my friends who did make it back and who do not live in Jakarta how bad the situation is outside Jakarta.

A friend who lives in Purwokerto, a town in Central Java, told me how her city is gripped with rumours of food riots, how cars are sometimes pulled over on the street by men looking for ethnic Chinese or even non-moslems to beat up, and how many becak (trickshaw) drivers in her town suddenly acquired a new (higher) level of personal hygiene. "They look so well-groomed, you wanna date 'em," she said. Of course people in her town were not fooled, they knew the becak drivers were either intelligence officers (intels) or members of the Army's Special Force.

## An Open Letter to Waton Bagaskara

You, Waton, are such a piece of petit-bourgeois shit. You're trying to mask your ignorance of the terrible situation in our country with your half-arsed sympathy. Reality hasn't hit home, yeah, right, just wait until I get my reality-bullets loaded into my Kalashnikovs and blow them out on your stupid middle-class face. And I'm not going to wait as long as until June to do that.

Big Daddy is backing away from the IMF reforms now, do you know what that means? That means that in the middle of a monetary crisis as bad as this all he thinks about is still his goddamned family! He wants an IMF-plus, what is that? Nothing but an attempt to continue all the monopolies his daughters and sons and half-brothers and brothers-in-laws and grandsons etc. etc. have been enjoying for 30 god-forsaken years.

Ignorant fucks like you probably think, "Oh, Uncle Suharto must not want the clove farmers to suffer from the black market, that's why he wants Tommy to help take care of the clove market." You're a stupid shit. You call buying cloves from farmers at a third of the real price and selling them to tobacco companies for three times that helping? You call passing a legislation against plywood monopoly but also another one compelling all plywood be distributed by Bob Hasan a reformation? Hellooo?

Or perhaps you think that Big Daddy's idea to implement the Currency Board System really arises from his concern for struggling workers like me who would lose their jobs if our oh-so-generous shoe factories have to close down? Are you kidding? First, I'll die happy if my shoe-factory has to shut down, or no, actually I'll stay alive just that little bit longer so that I can dance on its grave. Second, pegging the exchange rate of the rupiah has no other objective but to enable him and his families and his cronies etc. etc. to buy as much US dollars as they want and stack them up in their Swiss bank accounts which they can enjoy once they fled from Indo.

I mean, do you know how Big Daddy got to know Steve Hanke and his CBS? His daughter brought him. Do you think she really cares about us? Just because she donated \$ 50,000 dollars

to the Central Bank? Get off it, man! That whole publicity stunt thing was nauseating and condescending. A \$ 50,000 dollar donation when her family's personal assets are second only to the Sultan of Brunei? You'd do better to believe Sofyan Wanandi, at least he's honest in telling us that he needs all his American dollars to pay his debt. But then again, I know you're a coward. There's no way in the world you'll support the stance of a conglomerate who's been accused of financing a bunch of student activists to manufacture pissweak bombs that exploded on themselves. Of course you're such a fool

**Confining yourself to Jakarta makes you as ignorant and heartless as those Western tourists who suddenly find their dollars worth five times as much. They can still buy those Prada suits that you love so much and more. Jealous?**

to believe such crude accusation, but I won't even bother telling you, ...oops, I just did.

And haven't you realized how self-important and arrogant Big Daddy is? My student activist friends told me that he's actually trying to blackmail the IMF by threatening to use CBS. He thinks he's sooo important and irreplaceable that IMF and America would not let him be dethroned. That they'll let him have his IMF-plus as long as he doesn't implement the CBS.

Does he think IMF and America care that much about him, about Indo? We'll see. But I hope they'll cancel their aid-package so that Big Daddy can learn the hard way. No reformation = no capital flow = no jobs = no money = ...join the dots on that one.

You don't realize that the relative security of Jakarta is like a soft, fluffy Gianni Versace quilt that Big Daddy has put over your head. Sure it's nice and soft but you'll die if you don't take it off soon. Confining yourself to Jakarta makes you as ignorant and heartless as

those Western tourists who suddenly find their dollars worth five times as much. They can still buy those Prada suits that you love so much and more. Jealous?

By the way, you seem to miss your Prada suit so much. Tough luck. I miss my milk, my eggs, my rice, my insulines, ...oh, but they're not really that important, are they? Sorry for whining.

Get out of Jakarta while you still can. So far Big Daddy can keep me and my friends off from rioting in Jakarta. But what do you know, after the parliamentary "sessions" Big Daddy might then instruct the parliament members to pass a legislation raising the petrol's price by 100%. Yes, instruct. "Doesn't he have to confer with the parliament members first?" you ask. I've told you you're ignorant. I forgot to tell you that you're so naive too. He picks 600 of the 1000 parliament members by hand and you expect him to confer with them? That's like asking Norman Bates to confer with his mother before he slashes you up in your bathtub.

If Big Daddy does raise the price of petrol the price of everything will also rise. Then, I'm afraid even the Army won't be able to stop us from revolting, perhaps they'll even turn against Big Daddy. You loath the Army don't you, you pacifist prick. You don't realize they're the only thing preventing us from storming Jakarta. You'll regret your ingratitude when they finally realize protecting your types is a thankless task and back us instead. Then you'll be glad that you and your family are moslems, 'coz if you were Christians, let alone Chinese, we probably won't be able to refrain ourselves from burning you at the stakes.

The world that you will welcome on your return from Australia will be vastly different to the one you left at the beginning of this year. And once we get to Jakarta you won't have to rely on hearsay to find out how bad things really are. I'll be there, we'll be there, we'll make sure you find out first-hand.

*Nugie (I was Waton's "friend" in junior high, he used to give me a lift home until he kicked me out from his "gang" because I refused to change my allegiance from glam to indie-rock)*

Sometimes you wonder why Indo intels bother to disguise themselves. They are always so obvious, even more obvious than the "Japanese" James Bond in You Only Live Twice. And Purwokerto was already full of the Indo army anyway, Army trucks are everywhere, so the intels' appearance probably just heightened the tension. But if they're there to prevent riots then they succeeded. Purwokerto hasn't yet seen a real riot. It's just a pity that they couldn't be everywhere, or at least at those other (smaller) towns which have been ravaged by food (ethnic?) riots.

The moral of the story is that I was oblivious to all this. I was isolated in my petit-bourgeois enclave in Jakarta, where things seem to be normal. I mean, my old high-school spent 30 million rupiahs to stage a music festival in February, when in the rest of Java people were rioting for food. Even in the bigger towns (Purwokerto, Solo, Jogja) which haven't yet experienced real riots the air is so charged with fear and rumours that a whole shopping district in Solo was closed for a day just because two guys are having a scuffle in a store. Even now, for me, the reality hasn't really hit home. I can only imagine what is happening and from the sto-

ries my friends tell me. Perhaps only in June this year (when I have to pay my 2nd semester fee) when my parents will finally go broke and I have to say goodbye to ANU (and welcome WORLD!) will I admit that Aussie journo's are more realistic than fatalistic.

Waton Bagaskara

P.S. My friend with the seven Porsches didn't make it back, it turned out his dad's company's debt is bigger than its assets, and the bank that lent him the money has been liquidated.

P.P.S. Anyone needing a Bahasa Indonesia tutor (for a fee of course) can contact me on 62675092



(left) Muslims label their homes to deter attack from anti-Chinese rioters

# Indonesia rocks

(below) death metal concert gets out of hand in Central Java



# A Few Good Reasons to come to the Uni Bar ...

- Friday 13 March:** Archeology & Anthropology Annual Ball - Black Brothers plus disco
- Saturday 14 March:** Rangzen' (Freedom) - Aust/Tibet Council benefit concert with Strife + Liquid
- Friday 20 March:** Befuddled + Glove Box
- Saturday 21 March** Liquid + Buff Tundrel + Mighty Few
- Friday 27 March** Niaid + Namen + Nail
- Saturday 28 March** Green Day - all ages - tickets on sale
- Friday 3 April** Three (CD launch) + Crumpet
- Friday 4 April** Arkana
- Sunday 5 April** Everclear + Moler + Vioetene - all ages, tickets on sale

Coming Soon... Tea Party: April 15th

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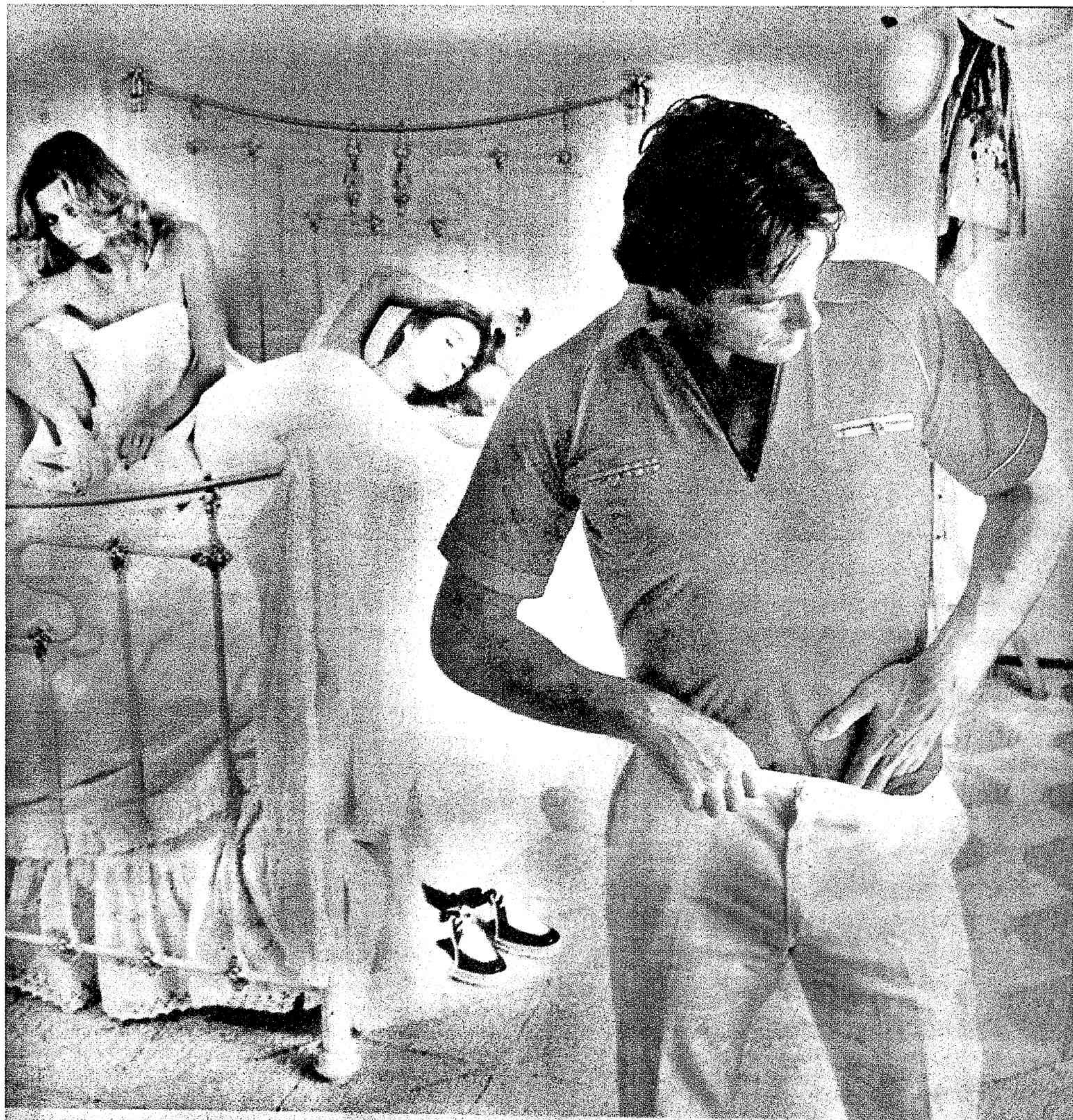
Do you want to do something for  
the Canberra Community and have

**an hour a week to spare?** The Migrant Resource Centre urgently needs volunteer tutors to assist refugees and other migrants who need to improve their english for work, study or other reasons. We also need tutors to assist secondary school students in all subject areas, including maths, science, accounting, etc.

Helping a person from a non-english speaking cultural background overcome the difficulties of the language barrier, of disrupted education or career, and sometimes of illiteracy and innumeracy is a rewarding experience. The Migrant Resource Centre has three programs which urgently need volunteer tutors. Volunteers can choose between assisting with community adult English classes at the MRC, tutoring individual adult students in their homes, or tutoring in a homework and study skills program for migrant and refugee high school and college students. Volunteers are needed to work in all areas of Canberra. Tutoring is primarily one-on-one. Tutors should be enthusiastic but need not be experienced as some training and supervision is available. **Please phone Phillipa on 6248 8577 for details.**

The Migrant Resource Centre of Canberra and Queanbeyan  
First floor, Griffin Centre, Bunda Street, Canberra.





*The suave feeling*

**Total control. Calling the shots.  
Feeling great, looking great.  
In internationally styled menswear  
that fits the role.**



RIGHT MACHIN-16179

# I AM A THIEF

"I am a thief" has transcended the incident that happened in Belconnen the other day. "I am a thief" now has blood, flesh and oxygen thanks to the bizarre media frenzy that has come to surround it. Woroni discovered this the other day when we decided to go out to Belconnen mall and parade up and down in front of Priceline in what was more a joke than a protest. Little did I realise however that my mention of our plan in an interview that I had done on 666 2CN that morning would initiate the kind of media frenzy that only grips towns like Wagga and Canberra.

WIN and Prime both wanted footage and an interview and the Canberra Times decided that it was the perfect picture story. I mean, I love Canberra, but sometimes I wonder what sort of a goddamn city it is I'm living in, where the second story in that evening's TV bulletin was one about what was essentially a student practical joke. My only objection was that I came out looking like some sort of radical activist keeping a ten year vigil outside the store all in the name of justice; but anyway, the Socialists would kill for that kind of publicity so I guess I shouldn't complain.

It all made me wonder however the degree to which people were not treating this like the joke it kinda was. For starters many people believed that we were the new victims of this strange law and as I walked through Civic that afternoon a number of people looked over pitifully and whispered behind their hands to those next to them; you could just see them saying "Ahhh they got another one", or "That poor boy. I wish I'd voted for Paul Osborne. He'd never have allowed such dastardly thing to happen because he cares about the Canberra community". But these were simply the puzzled looks.

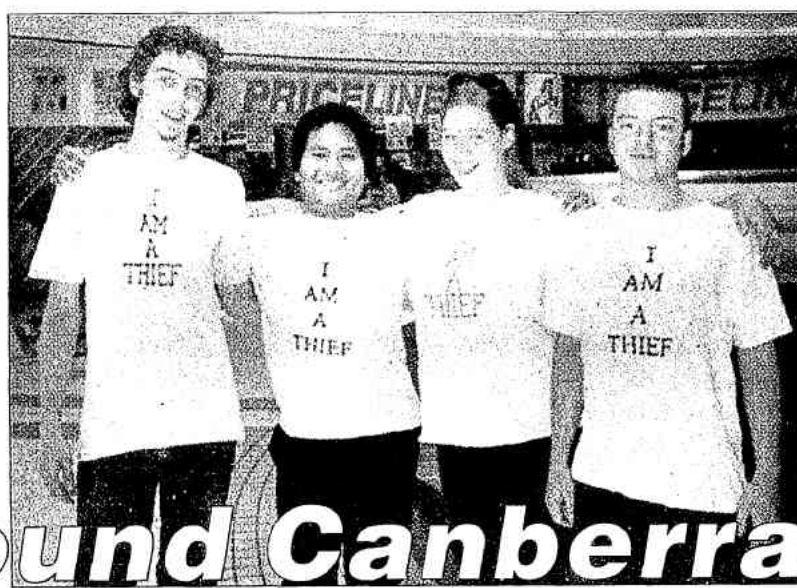
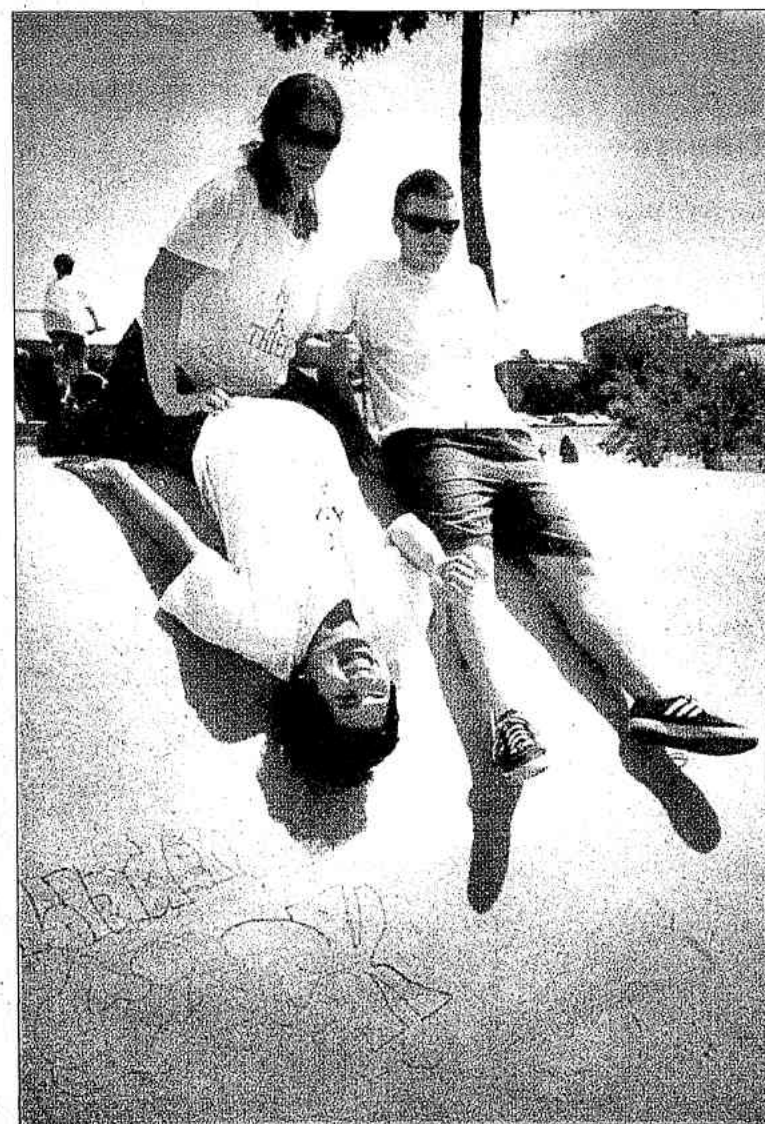
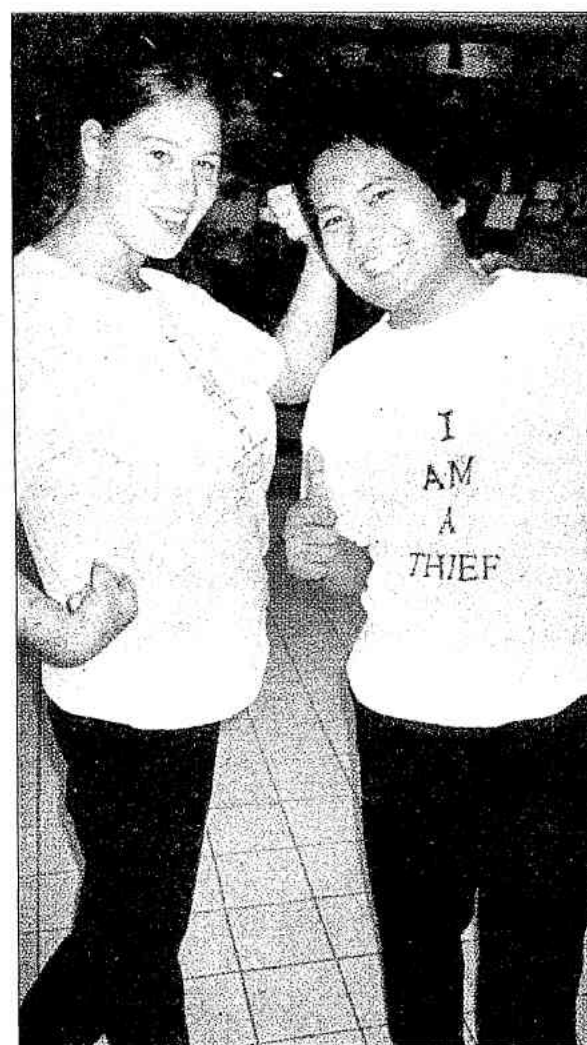
There were many others however who were quite ready to voice their opinions on the matter whilst we were talking to the local press. One guy

glared down from the top floor into the cavernous wasteland of the mall in which Priceline is housed and started pointing at us in a most disgruntled fashion, then, strangely, hitting the side of his head with his tattooed fist. A middle aged woman began a lengthy debate with us about shopkeepers and their right to protect their stores. Then an old woman appeared and, expecting to be berated for implicitly criticising the actions of Priceline, pleasantly surprised us when she started patting us on the back and saying, "What you kids are doing is wonderful. That was a terrible thing that happened to that little boy." This incident, along with a tall skinny guy in really, really tight jeans and a million tats yelling "You should all be bloody ashamed of yourselves", combined to form an interest-

ing insight into what will get the normally reserved Australian people inspired to the point of talking loudly in public to complete strangers. As an added bonus a guy we had never met before in our lives walked out the mall as we were leaving wearing, wait for it, the exact same t-shirt - obviously a total groover.

This essentially is what the incident became; a fascinating example of what will grip the public's imagination. So if you're looking to create a stir I would encourage you to head straight for Belco in an "I am a thief t-shirt" and discover an element of Canberra that mixes entertainment, law and a bit of wanky politics thrown in and you too can join in the parody of law that created the now infamous incident. Happy shit stirring!

Bréndan Shanahan



race around Canberra

# entertainment

## music



In Tha Beginning ...there was rap

Various

The late eighties and early nineties were the golden age of rap music. While the mainstream rap artists (such as the unforgettable MC Hammer) were picking up platinum albums, the more "hard-core branch" of this once alternative music genre were collecting gold albums. Then something happened and it all faded away. Some say it all devolved into what Ice-T called "crappy-assed dance music," but I reckon all us kids who mimicked the clothes, and the lingo and the hand symbols, well we just grew up.

However, there are still the die-hards out there, and in a vain effort to recapture that golden age we have *In Tha Beginning ...there was rap*. This CD is a mixture of classic Rap songs such as the Sugar Hill Gang's 'Rapper's Delight' and N.W.A's infamous 'Fuck tha Police', and new efforts by Snoop Doggy



Naked Baby Photos

Ben Folds Five

Before every one knew of the name Ben Folds Five, before they were so "fucking huge" as they put it, before 'One Angry Dwarf', these guys were touring the world. They've had one self-titled album, and now *Naked Baby Photos*, released last month.

If you don't have a Ben Folds Five album then this shouldn't be your first (try *Whatever and Ever, Amen*), but for those who do it's a must have that shows their evolution to the band we know and love today. *Naked Baby Photos* is a collection of tour material and previously unreleased tracks that show all the sense of humour and talent of these three guys just mucking around.

Mostly the album has fresh material, but also a couple of well known tracks, like 'Underground' and the 'Break-Up Song' ("give me my money back,

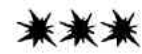


Comparsa

Deep Forest

In 1992, Eric Mouquet and Michel Sanchez broke new ground when they took UNESCO's recordings of Pygmy singers and blended them with other recordings from the Solomon Islands, Cameroon and Zaire and wove a wonderful soundscape with producers, Guillian Joncheray and Dan Lacksman, as a tribute to these peoples. *Deep Forest* was born. The huge interest the project created around the world encouraged them to take the experiment to the next step and they began making their own recordings from such diverse places as Bulgaria, Taiwan, Russia, North America and Mongolia for the Eastern European flavored *Boheme*.

*Comparsa* brings the rhythms of Cuba to South Africa, Madagascar, the Middle East and Spain. As with their discovery of the amazing talents of Marta Sebestyén on *Boheme*, *Deep Forest* show-

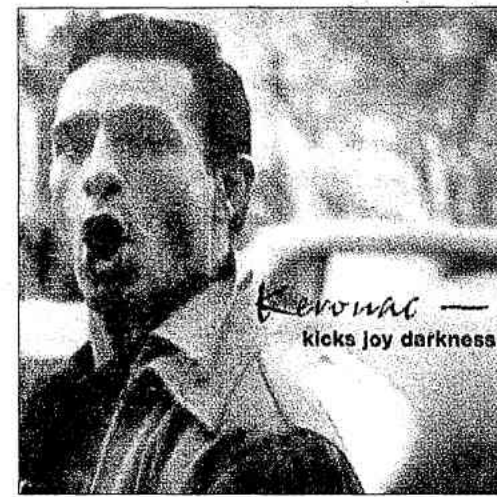


Kerouac - kicks joy darkness

Various

As someone said you either will hate this CD or love it. But I found it grows on you. At the first listening, it reminded me of the soundtrack to *Deadman* (Johnny Depp), so if you like the way poetry is put to music, but not quite as song, then you will eventually love this. Jack Kerouac is the epitome of the beat generation, his famous work *On the Road*, revolutionising American literature. *Kicks Joy Darkness* is a collection of Kerouac's poetry, letters and poetry about the man.

With voices such as Michael Stipe (REM), Steven Tyler (Aerosmith), Eddie Vedder (Pearl Jam) and Matt Dillon alongside beat greats like William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg, and a musical soundtrack that varies from thrash to sci-fi type undertones means you can't get bored listening to this CD. But really it is the words that holds you,



Dogg and Cypress Hill.

OK, if you're into this type of music, then so far, so good. But the classic songs aren't the originals but covers. That means new voices, new back beats, and new sound cuts. I'll admit that I have many of these songs on the original albums, bought as an impressionable thirteen to sixteen year old, and I've got to say these new rip-offs aren't half as good. And to be honest, the newer stuff can't hold its own either. If you were never a fan, or have grown up, then leave this effort in the rack. If you are still a fan of rap music, then go and buy *Straight Outta Compton* or *Original Gangster*, because face it, the Golden Age isn't coming back.

—TreeFrog

bitch"). Most of all it contains is a study of how Ben Folds Five reached their unique style, with experimental songs which take the shit out of all kinds of popular music such as Death Metal, Beasties Boys, and the eighties in general.

The Ben Folds Five are the prime example of the piano's return to popular music, and thank the gods for it. These boys are fun, funny, and that's not even counting their music, which is fast, spontaneous and full of hilarious energy. Get it in ya!

—Gerard Marx

cases another extraordinary talent. This time, however, it was just in the nick of time. 100 year old Madame Sana finally got to present her talents to the world and paid for the privilege with her life. When she died during the recording of *Comparsa*, the opening track, 'Noonday Sun' was remastered with a tribute to her by the Malgache Singers of her area.

Fortunately, we may still get to enjoy the beautiful voices of Ana Torroja ('Media Luna') and Ethnie Antandroy ('Noonday Sun', 'Madazulu'). A respectful nod to the jazz band Weather Report can be heard on '1716' and 'Deep Weather', adding to the pot pourri of sounds on this album.

*Deep Forest* have created another tapestry, woven from this planet's compassion and partnership. *Comparsa* deserves the patience of a true lover of art and beauty.


—Mark-Leon Thorne

and the power of delivery, especially by the old beat fellows and even Kerouac himself. 'America's New Trinity of Love: Dean, Brando, Presley', stands out due to Richard Lewis' almost tongue in cheek rendition of a piece that highlights the changing values of today, even though it was written twenty years ago. And the despair articulated in 'Mexican Loneliness', flows beautifully over a wall placed saxophone; an example that simple poetry and simple music make a true piece of beauty.


Listen to the CD, just for the experience and as Jack wrote to William S Burroughs "Let us hope that the whores of evil no longer loiter on the doorsteps of your path beckoning you into the brothel of despair".

—Roslyn D


What I'm hearing




Michael: Law Student  
favourite album: anything classical  
listening at the moment to: Portishead



Mikhail: Oppressed Indonesian  
favourite album: *The Best of Sammy Hagar*  
listening at the moment to: Yes' quadruple single from 1972 called *Fragile*

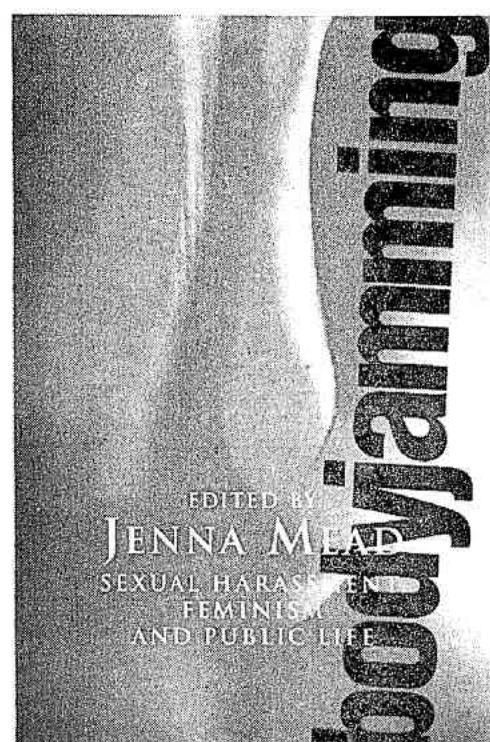


Brendan: Professional provocateur  
favourite album: You'll have never heard of it so I can't see much point in telling you  
listening at the moment to: Anything which enhances my credibility



Stephen: Future "Time Man of the Year"  
favourite album: *Look What the Cat Dragged In* by Poison  
listening at the moment to: The best of John Zorn

# books



## Bodyjamming

Jenna Mead (ed)

Bodyjamming is a collection of essays written by a number of public figures discussing is-



## Past Imperative

Dave Duncan

Perhaps it's the sadist in us all, but watching a protagonist squirm is often very satisfying. Flinging heroes into uncharted waters often serves to provide the necessary degree of difficulty, and Dave Duncan is an author who certainly finds a nice deep spot to see whether his creations sink or swim.

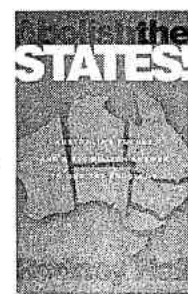
It is the summer of 1914, and *Past Imperative, Round One of the Great Game* (the first book in a trilogy), thrusts young Edward Exeter into a tangle of conspiracy and intrigue which stretches beyond our own humble world and all the way up to the capricious, looney gods of another. There's nothing like a good prophecy to completely derail a young man's ambitions to go and slaughter Huns for King and Country, but despite all the extraordinary events which overwhelm his previously mundane, public school existence, Edward remains dedicated to the jingoistic fictions of glory in war and national duty. Whilst this "back before Christmas" mentality is a little simplistic at times, Edward is nevertheless an impressively sustained and charismatic character.

The concept of cross-overs between our world and another is not new in fantasy novels, yet Duncan skilfully provides what is arguably the most important ingredient for success – a richly detailed and plausible fantasy culture. Interest is anchored in "Nextdoor" by the antics of a precocious heroine, Eleal, and there is nothing like violence, assassins, sinister disciples, divine interference, magic and conspiracies to generate a diverting read.

– Rachel Hopkins

sues related to Helen Garner's book *The First Stone*. It deals firstly with sexual harassment in the context of the Ormond College case, and then discusses broader issues raised by feminism and public life.

The reasons that Mead and XX (one of the complainants) give for their actions during the Ormond case are reasonable. However I remain uneasy at their justification of the dismissal of Shepherd as a result of his groping. According to XX, there was a great deal of concentration on the apparently sacrosanct nature of a man's career, and the unforgivable crime of destroying one. (p.53) This is not something that she should be faceless about. Certainly Shepherd's behaviour would be widely recognised as inappropriate and exploitative, given his position of power. Nor is there any doubt that disciplinary action should have been taken against him, if he had been found guilty by an objective panel within the university. But should Shepherd have been sacked because of a socially inept old man with an itch in his britches? I must not, by the way, be taken as implying that what the students did was in any way wrong. The university system of reconciliation proved to be useless in dealing with lecherous lecturers, and the law provided the only forum in which the student's complaints could be meaningfully heard. If anything, Shepherd's disproportionate punishment was the fault of the university system for treating the accusations so summarily and unsatisfactorily. The book should have drawn this connection more clearly.



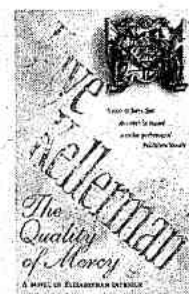
## Abolish the States

Rodney Hall

Written in the style of a political pamphlet, Rodney Hall forcefully argues that the abolition of state governments should be part of the change that Australians should endorse as we approach the new century. While Federation was necessary to unite six separate colonies in 1901, it is now an outdated, top heavy structure that costs \$30 billion dollars a year. This might seem like an exaggerated claim, however Hall backs up his statements with detailed statistics and concise arguments. Internal competitiveness between states for overseas investment and the duplication of services provided at Federal, State and local levels of government are just some of the causes of the \$30 billion loss. Hall takes his readers through the issues step by step in a simple, easy to read question and answer format. He addresses the issues of federation, abolishing the states, how a different system might work, the role of the constitution, practical issues concerning a head of state and the future effects of any such change. He proposes a two-tiers system of national and regional government, similar to those that exist in England, New Zealand and France. Hall's arguments are simple and clear and they certainly make a lot of sense in the current context of the Republican debate, that has spent far too much time arguing about the head of state. Definitely a book that all Australians should read if they at all interested in the future of this country.

– Alice Rees

A number of the essays condemn the lack of accuracy in Garner's novel, although some of *The First Stone's* faults are already widely known – in particular Garner's creation of a feminist clique of six or seven individuals in the place of Mead. The book also criticises the inflammatory and polarising writing style that the press used in describing the case, claiming that "the effect of the hate speech [was to] close down any space for the two young women to have their say". Again, fair enough, we've all seen the antics of Rupert and Co., and the efforts of some of the columnists in our high brow publications were not much better. However Mead is not entirely immune to this herself; for instance calling Garner's critique a "catfight". Another topic raised by Mead, and discussed in a number of the essays, are the "languages of feminism", which "designed as they were for an activism well past its use-by date, were virtually powerless" against the bad press that the complainants were receiving. This issue, and that of the difficulty faced by academic feminists trying to communicate their ideas to the general public, are further addressed in an interview with Meaghan Morris. Garner's work may well have been bigoted and inaccurate, but it was accessible and entertaining reading. Unfortunately, this is not always true of the essays in *Bodyjamming*, which, while well argued, are on occasion too dry to engage the casual reader.



## The Quality Of Mercy

Faye Kellerman

Belonging to a minority group has never been easy at any time. To be a Jew in 1540 Lisbon meant death at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition. For those fortunate enough, a quick death was the only mercy, hence the title. Across the sea some 50 years later in Elizabethan London, Rebecca Lopez daughter to the Queen's physician is torn between the duty to her father to marry a converso she does not love and her fascination with the world that lies outside her door.

Though loyal to the crown, she and her family hide the dark secret of being Jewish conversos, hiding their illegal religion while smuggling Portuguese refugees fleeing the persecution. Her headstrong ways lead her to cross the path of Will Shakespeare, a young dramatist seeking to avenge the murder of his friend and mentor. Together the two embark on a journey that will transform their lives forever.

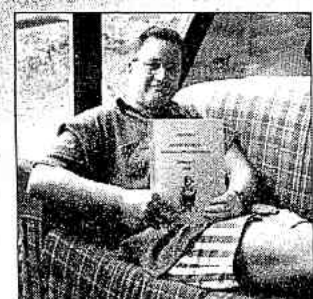
Kellerman has created a vivid account of life at the time, however the novel is slow going to the point of becoming tedious at times. A departure from her usual contemporary thrillers that leaves a lot to be desired.

—Siddhartha Maharaj

## What I'm reading



Jason Wood, General Secretary of the SA  
Reading: John Warhurst's *Keeping the Bastards Honest*  
Favourite: Anything by Tom Clancy or Robert Ludlum



Chris Bootland, 8th year Arts/Science (part time)  
Reading: *Angela's Ashes*  
Favourite: *To kill a mockingbird* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*



Nisha Jacques, 3rd year Science/Engineering  
Reading: Michael Crichton's *Airframe*  
Favourite: *The BFG*



David, Lighting Designer  
Reading: *The Light Fantastic* by Terry Pratchett  
Favourite: John Birmingham's *He Died with a falafel in his hand*

# film

★★★★

## Hurricane Streets Morgan J. Freeman

First time feature director Morgan J. Freeman, along with young actor Brendon Sexton III, have together created a gem of a film. Currently being lauded by critics internationally, *Hurricane Streets* has already won 3 awards at the Sundance festival, including Best Director for the 26 year old Freeman. It is Freeman's insight into the lives of the ordinary kids of the film, and Sexton's deeply felt portrayal of Marcus Frederick, which gives the



film its realism and attraction, despite its sometimes clichéd and banal moments.

The themes that this film deals with; loss of innocence and the battle between right and wrong in the lives of urban youths is nothing new (*Kids*, Larry Clark 1995). However, it is the deeply felt morality that Freeman brings out in his characters that separate this film from others in the genre. Marcus is a 15-year-old streetwise kid, who's spending his summer cruising the streets of New York with his pals on their BMXs. Although enjoying practising petty crime as a way of gaining some "crisp lettuce" for the summer, Marcus longs to escape from the city. With his mother supposedly due for release from prison in a year's time Marcus dreams of returning to the open spaces of his home state, New Mexico. A new friendship is formed with 14-year-old Melena (Isidra Vega) who wishes to escape her abusive father and like Marcus wants to be elsewhere. However, Marcus' situation is complicated by the darker intentions of his pal Chip (David Roland Frank) who's continually urging the boys to more adult crimes. This urging sorely tests Marcus' conscience as the peer pres-

sure mounts and the situation becomes increasingly desperate.

While Brendon Sexton III delivers a truly stellar performance, the pleasures of the film come from a variety of sources. Freeman's perceptive direction and Enrique Chediak's award winning photography (Sundance Festival 1997, best cinematography) captures a harsh beauty of urban life which is well backed by the film's soundtrack. *Hurricane Streets* is a sensitively observed study of young urban life and on balance is a very impressive debut.

—Philip & Charles

★★★★

## The Replacement Killers Antoine Fuqua

For a film whose director's greatest achievement was the 'Gangsta's Paradise' video, *The Replacement Killers* is not half as bad as it could have been. In fact, it's a pretty cool no-frills action movie. John Lee (Chow Yun-Fat), an assassin indentured to crime lord Terence Wei, is ordered to take revenge on a cop who killed Wei's son. When Lee refuses, Wei sends men after Lee's family in China. Lee goes to forger Meg Coburn (Mira Sorvino) to fake a passport so he can protect his family and the pair spend the film evading Wei's henchmen and two replacement killers (see?) sent to finish Lee's job. All this would make an unremarkable film if it starred, say, Steven Seagal. But *The Replacement Killers* is the Hollywood debut of Hong Kong star Chow Yun-Fat, most familiar in the West as the star of several John Woo films.

Chow Yun-Fat is limited in this film by not being entirely at home with the English language yet; he has noticeably few lines. It doesn't really matter - his presence here shows why he's one of the coolest actors in the world. And he's a good actor, which makes all the difference in this type of film. He can't make this run-of-the-mill action movie into a great film, but he certainly makes it worth watching. Director Antoine Fuqua (the music video guy) gets into the spirit of things by doing his best to make a John Woo film (he fails, but it was a good try) - this has style to spare. Mira Sorvino is perfectly assured as Coburn and Chow's fellow Hong Kong veteran Kenneth Tsang makes an appearance as Wei, but it's getting depressing to watch Jurgen Prochnow (*Das Boot*) wasted in another bad-guy role, this time as Wei's lieutenant.

—Robin Shortt

★★★★

## U-Turn Oliver Stone

It is more than likely that you have seen a movie like this before. With a story-line embarrassingly similar to John Dahl's 1993 cult classic, *Red Rock West*, and shot, film-collage style, in the same vein as *Natural Born Killers* (Stone's 1995 feature), *U-Turn* is ultimately nothing new but nonetheless highly enjoyable.

Sean Penn delivers a quite brilliant performance as the two-bit gangster Bobby Cooper, who finds himself stuck in Superior, Arizona, a one-sheriff town, 3 miles off the highway. Leaving his '64 1/2 Ford Mustang in the dubious hands of a solo-Twister playing local mechanic, played by Billy Bob Thornton, Cooper wanders into town. He soon finds himself tied into the town's sinister social politics.

John Voight is a half-Indian beggar who although 'blind' is the only one who can really see what Penn has got himself into. Cooper is seduced by the sensual Grace McKenna (Jennifer Lopez), for whom much of the trouble occurs. Nick Nolte, almost unrecognisable as Grace's husband Jake McKenna, local real estate boss, provides much of the film's demented and sadistic energy. Cooper's day turns from bad to worse when he loses the money he needs to pay off a debt in Vegas and clearly his only means of recovering the money is to commit a murder; but as Cooper says, "I've done some things but I'm not a murderer."

To add to the complications, Cooper is frustratingly unable to get himself a drink and finds himself hounded not only by the local sheriff (Powers Boothe) and the Vegas mobsters but also by the comic couple, teenage hot-head, "T.N.T." (Joaquin Phoenix) and his beyond-dizzy girl, Jenny (Claire Danes). This is one day from hell for Bobby Cooper.

*U-Turn* (along with *Natural Born Killers*), marks a distinct departure for Stone from his many previously earnest efforts (such as *JFK* and *Nixon*). This film shows Stone in a playful mood, clearly having fun with his medium. With excellent performances from a well-rounded cast and much effort placed in post-production, *U-Turn* is a western film-noir which is great fun to watch.

—Philip & Charles

★★★★

## Jackie Brown Quentin Tarantino

Blaxploitation: short-lived 70s crime genre, born out of white infatuation for blacks as dark, virile, violent urban savages. The whole movement was practically the same gerry-curl pinstripe pimp/drugbunny/hood film shot over and over again. Died a quick death, but not before it left its mark on a young Tarantino.

In *Jackie Brown*, black is back: white cops, dark crims, guns, jive, junk, funk and ultraviolence. Meet the mains.

Ordell (Samuel L. Jackson) - California gun runner with half a million dollars over in Mexico. Jackie Brown (Pam Grier) - flight attendant smuggling Ordell's money in, trying to not get caught. FBI Agent Nicolette (Michael Keaton) - the guy who catches her.

Max Cherry (Robert Forster) - the bondsman Ordell uses to post bail on Jackie.

Headless corpse in boot of Ordell's car (Chris Tucker) - the last employee Ordell posted bail for. The situation: Jackie's okay as long as:

- A- The FBI wants Ordell.
- B- Ordell wants the money.
- C- They both need Jackie to get what they want and
- D- Neither of them get it.

The answer: Jackie has to play the two off against each other to stay free and entire and maybe make a few bob while doing it.

*Jackie Brown* is a change for Tarantino: it's a linear story with focuses more on its characters' emotions and motivations while not relying so much on its ability to shock: unlike *Reservoir Dogs* its mortality rate doesn't rival the *Somme*, nor does it have *Pulp Fiction*'s basement display of 'southern hospitality'.

So why has Tarantino gone for a more developed storyline and characters over the shrewd dialogues and violent glut of his early days? Perhaps he's matured; perhaps he's just afraid of shooting the same film over and over again.

—Stuart Roberts

# video

★★★★

## China Dolls Tony Ayres

When I was five my mum discovered multi-vitamins... the only effect they had was to turn my pee bright yellow. And so begins Tony Ayres exploration into the experience of being gay and Asian in Australia. A Film Australia Production available through mail order, *China Dolls* screened on the ABC in mid February.

*China Dolls* is wonderfully put together. A range of men talk about their experiences linked by shots of writer/director Tony Ayres retelling his own story, while slowly painting his face white; "No matter how white I was on the inside, I was still yellow on the outside." It makes you sit back and question how far have we really come regard-

ing sexual and racial acceptance. "We're all outsiders, foreigners struggling to be a part of someone else's dream."

It would have been nice to see a few Asian Lesbians interviewed, as a contrast to the image Ayres was presenting of Asian women as docile timid lovers. A view that helps to promote discrimination against Asian gay men. A beautiful moment in this documentary is found in the black and white, back stage shots, of drag queens preparing for a show, talking candidly about their older white lovers, and their views on the stereotype they help to promote.

Even though it took Ayres half a life time to revel in the beauty that is his individuality, *China Dolls* is ultimately a journey of hope, presenting a moral I hope we can all learn.

—Roslyn D



## Livin' in America

You've seen *Revenge of the Nerds*, you've read *Sweet Valley High* books and you heard the repetitive camp stories from over excited friends but can it all be true?



(above) yellow cabs, but no yellow school bus or traditional Jews

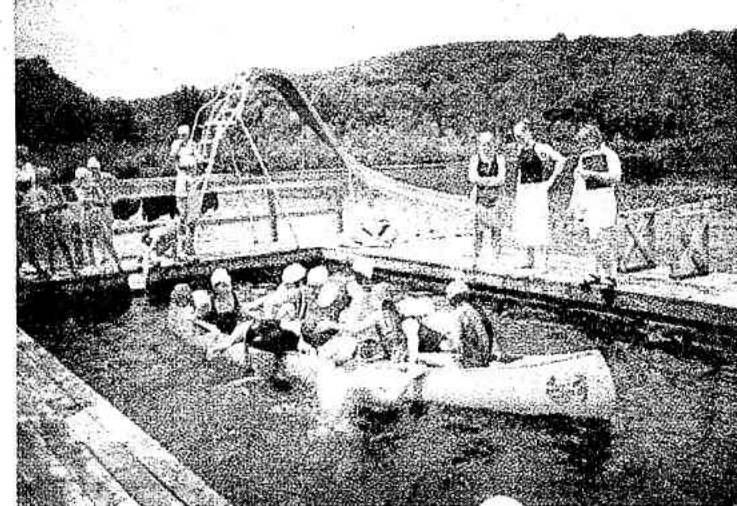
I have to confirm that it is all true — the short sheeting of beds, the mini Olympics and under rehearsed productions of Annie using a small 8 year old boy for the title role in the faint hope that no one will notice. Yes, as you may have guessed I am a camp counselor — a rare breed of human being who can exist on 4 hours of sleep, think up new games involving hugging trees and who has the amazing ability to teach fire building in a flash flood.

Upon returning from summer camp I was bombarded with questions about what the whole camp experience was. After conferring with a co-counselor from New Jersey I came up with the apt definition: that camp is a combination of an episode of MASH and a round of gladiators with Vulcan.

Before departing for camp I finished my degree and of course did the normal thing of running away from a real job. After completing a two day orientation in LA I was confident that I had sized up the American culture in two short days. I was later to find out I was completely wrong. From LA I headed over to New York to be picked up and taken to what would be my home for 2 months. On my first day I decided to arm myself with the most menacing camp name I could think of. Unfortunately Joey just didn't seem to cut it. However I set out to face the army of children who were all excepting this funny Aussie counselor to say G'day 24 hours a day. During my time at camp I also had the opportunity to go white water rafting down the Delaware river (and returned with all my kids), visit the Empire State building (and returned with some of my kids) and meet some of the US wildlife face to face (and I don't mean my kids). Raccoons, skunks, rattlesnakes were all part of the experience. Whether I was up to my knees in mud at froggy pond or running excitedly down to the lake for a brisk 6am polar bear swim, life was thoroughly enjoyable. Camp gave me many joys, like being crowned the prestigious Camp Princess.

As the summer drew to a close we all prepared to leave the pokey little cabins that had really grown on us over the summer. It was hard to imagine not waking up each morning to the Columbian cursing in Spanish, the Korean mumbling in Korean, the Dutch complaining in Dutch and the American speaking in the weird yank dialect that we were all just getting the understand. As we bid each other farewell we all went in search of the great American dream — the true joy felt when consuming a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I set out with a couple of Czechs who I met from different camps. The trip was aptly named 4 Czechs and an Aussie and it seemed destined to fail from the first reject car that was purchased. The idea was a planned a road trip using a cheap but reliable car. After purchasing two absolute lemons we abandoned that idea and said "Howdy"

to a great American icon... Greyhound Bus Co. Now if you ever dream of going to the states and meeting the real people, the little people, the workers and the people who can't afford to fly then hop aboard Greyhound for the ride of your life. It wasn't until I was crammed between the toilet, a man in a blue plastic bag with the biggest afro I had ever seen, another with no teeth who insisted on talking about Australia at the top of his voice, that I really knew my road trip had begun. Now being a poor ex-student I really had to design the budget trip that would give me maximum coverage of the country while at the same time utilising the least possible amount of resources. My economics units came in handy for our decision to sleep in a hotel ev-



(above) American kiddies keen to give others a hand up while Jabba presides over her pleasure barge

ery third night and use the bus as our place of slumber for the remaining nights. Now I will complain about Greyhound but it really is a great way to travel the states for a person with a limited budget. The pocket money that I received from working at camp really came in handy for purchasing my ticket which allowed me to travel anywhere for a month. No matter where I was I always had the support of a 24hr support line from CCUSA, whether it was seeing the Niagara falls in Toronto, walking up and down Broadway in New York, pretending to like country music in Nashville or taking part in the Women's Fest in Key West. I also met many other counselors on my travels simply by recognising the distinctive green CCUSA bag tags. It was good to meet people from all over the world who had experienced similar camp situations and embarrassments.

So to give you a simple answer to what sum-

## Fact File

Company Name  
Camp Counsellors USA  
Locations  
Worldwide, main office California  
Australian Office  
Sydney new office opening in Melbourne  
Job Description  
Counselor, Support Staff, Waterfront Supervisor  
Pocket Money  
—Up to \$900 U.S.  
Camp Positions  
Anywhere from East to West coast of America  
Starting Date — May to June  
Costs while at Camp  
Very little, board and food provided  
Average Temperature  
0-35 degrees depending on location of camp  
Further travel opportunities  
limitless  
Ages of Campers  
7 years to adult  
Average Camper description  
loud TV addicts, with an aversion to vegetables  
Average Camp director  
caring but full of stories about living without electricity  
Average Counsellor  
18-28, hardworking, creative, flexible and slightly nuts  
Percentage of meals served with Ketchup  
97%  
Strange Custom  
Serving maple syrup with bacon and eggs  
Hours of sleep per night  
4 hours if your lucky  
Encounters with American animals  
a daily occurrence and night time thrill!  
Average weight gain for Counsellors  
5-10 kilos  
Probability of Rainfall  
Whenever outdoor activities are planned.

mer camp is all about would be impossible because for each person it is an entirely different experience. The only one factor that is universal is the entire experience will give you a new positive outlook on life. This combined with the knowledge that you have had an impact on a child's life and have made life long friendships from all over the world can only make you realise that you did have the *Summer of a lifetime*.

—Yolanda Politi

## |& dealing with being stuck here

### frolickin'



### Bootscootin' Fever

Kids, it's time to get into this anyway you know how. No longer is this an activity for Tacky Broads and ass pinching fat guys. Anyone not logged into this fast paced crazy dance form of the future is going to be left behind doing the Running Man and living a life of shame and dissatisfaction. Woroni are jumping on this bandwagon headed for Nirvana by starting up a bootscootin' club of our own. After our baton twirling and marching girls out fit performed badly at the Mullumbimby National Championships we decided it was time to abandon this endeavor and head for more tassel clad pastures! If you ever bought the Don Lane promoted Bootscootin' Boogie or your a member of the Dusty Rose Bootscootin' Club we would love to hear from you. But until then keep ironing you denims and hold onto you hats.

### food



(above) welcome to Cholesterol City. Population: Hogs Breath

### Hog's Breath Cafe

If you are a booner looking for a touch of 'class' head on down to the Hogs Breath. If you're a fat person looking for a salad that's not really a salad follow the booners.

Woroni dined at this den of kitsch and were appalled at the prices and were dismayed to see only one vegetarian alternative on the menu and even that contained cheese. The decor is somewhere between a truckstop in Louisiana and a pub in Kentucky run by a guy named Bubba, and the waitresses wear Apple Pie velcro tab boots with their uniforms - how classy!

Although all meals are excellently prepared one has to wonder about a steak cooked for 12 hours! I ordered a salad that was completely devoid of anything I would classify as a salad vegetable. The lettuce was drowned in a creamy dressing, grated cheese was everywhere and the whole thing was smothered with fried noodles!

The only thing good about the Hogs Breath is that Tossolini's is right upstairs.



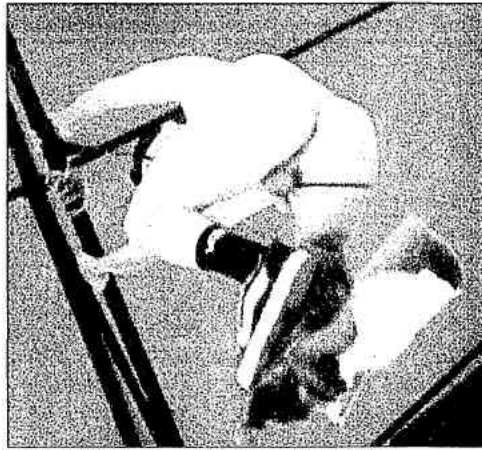
(above) "When you've finished eating, darling, you can suck me off"

Audrey and Barry have been Australia's leading experts on etiquette since 1968 and their message today is still the same.

"Etiquette", Barry says, "is not outmoded by today's increasingly fast, freer mode of living, people think that it is even a sign of weakness. And that is their mistake."

Due to Audrey and Barry's unwavering belief in the relevancy of etiquette to today's fast paced world *Woroni* are thrilled to announce the signing of a contract that will see Audrey and Barry contributing monthly. They will be available to give you young people advice on when to tip, mourning dos and don'ts, break-

## Buttology Profile



(above) shrivelled testicles in yo' face

I'd like to thank all the readers who sent in a photocopy, or in some cases colour photo of their butts. Unfortunately I can't read everyone's, so I have chosen the most intricate and interesting butt I have received this month.

This is the butt of an extrovert, a fly by the seat of my pants kind of guy. The owner of this butt is obviously at ease with himself and his surroundings. I would say that he is definitely an earth sign. The display of genitalia in this photo highlights his sexual freedom, but I think he should take heed and guard against sexual promiscuity. The unblemished fleshy ass indicates a lucky person who generally falls on his feet, with a hairy anus suggesting that there's little animal (maybe a gerbil) in him. GRRRR!!!

With Pluto entering the house of Jupiter on the cusp of Gemini this ass will be coming into a good luck patch. Take advantage of this and embrace every opportunity to test you luck, Keno on the 18th could be the ticket. The fine lines of the crack suggests that you will find in the near future cool new ways of budgeting. My advice to this butt is not to give too much away this month, I feel that this may be a weakness, indicated by the pear shaped buttocks. you may find that you are not in control of events. This will be especially true between the 26th and 29th when mercury is retrograde. You do not want to draw attention to yourself...so pull your pants up!



## International Students Rate Oz Style

On a quest to find out what those high tech Japanese dressers think of the styles down under, we interviewed 3 Japanese students. Their English and our Japanese was insufficient for the job however and all we got was proof of their love for the camera.



Whether their numerous photos of us will be in their best or worst dressed pages we will never know! This is a pathetic attempt at humour. I'm just not funny.



### Burton and Garran Hall

Once again B&G stormed into the new academic year with a wild and crazy O week. The kegs flowed freely throughout the many O week traditions: the baring of one's inner most fantasies in the annual cross-dressing party; the baring of one's bedly attire in the Toga party; and of course, the baring of everything in the infamous post-toga nude run.

But the fun and frivolity of B&G doesn't end with O week. As lectures begin, so too do the many other activities around the halls. Planning for the "starry, starry night" commencement ball is under way. this the first big formal event of 1998 for B&G and is on March 19.

If you're passing B&G at around 6:30 pm each night, you're sure to see the eager "inward bounders" training their hearts out for a bash in the bush. Oh, and be warned - B&G is currently forming some formidable sporting teams. Watch out! The mighty redbacks are coming to get ya!

### Bruce Hall

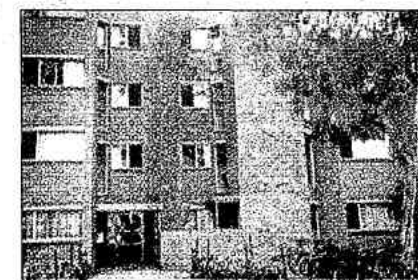
The new year has begun well with Bruce Hall once more first among residences. The Hall's second-to-none combination of clean, fine linen and catered, culturally diverse food has again proved a winner, with the staff and Resident Fellows amazingly (and unfailingly) cheerful in the face of an influx of first years, who now make up fully half of the student population. O Week was a success, and provided a drunken, uncomplicated introduction to university life for students arriving at Bruce from across Australia and the world at large. When asked, first years invariably praise the hospitality of the Hall community.

### Toad Hall

The corridors of Toad Hall are rarely alive with much other than the earnest chatter of ultra, ultra serious foreign students. But recent months have seen a couple of incidents involving a prominent political identity in ANU student politics who chooses to bunk under Toad's dreary roof. The story goes that a young woman was awoken to the sound of knocking on her door during the red-eyed hours of the morning and opened it only to discover the inebriated young rustic with his pants around his ankles and a full "free willy" in action. The door was promptly closed, which is confusing because surely this must be one of the most alluring come-ons I've heard of in years. There has also been a total ban on extra-strength fish paste popular with many of Toad's Indonesian and Malaysian students because of its pungent ability to stink out an entire residence. So long for now, but the gossip queen of the Hall will be back in next issue.

### Uniquely Fenner

O-week was a blur at Fenner. Between out takes of Vodka shots and rum tumblers, it was a mementos occasion enjoyed by all... What I would describe as a deeply bonding experience. The inaugural Toga night event kicked off festivities for the week. Some Fennerites saw it fit to sport Calvin Klein "helmets". Other flashbacks include the Glitz and Glam Ball; Flower Power 90's style. "Yeah baby", the gastronomical potluck dinner (luck being the operative word), and a cocktail party to die for!

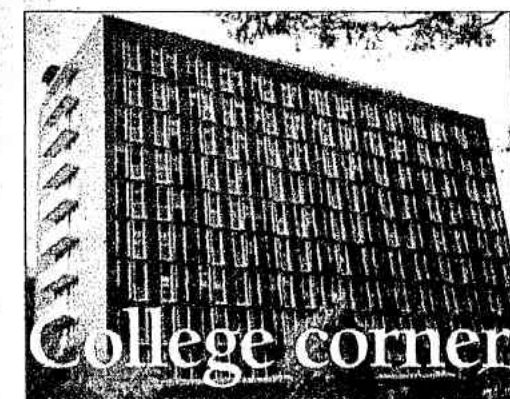


### Ursula College

Ursula has kicked off after O-week in typical style. The fifty first years seem to be settling in with a greater affinity for the pool room than for the Tute rooms. All is new bright and beautiful in the new academic year and the smell of Dynamic Lifter has nearly entirely dissipated from its peak level O-week concentrations.

Wednesday is the Ursies Commencement Dinner. The new year will be welcomed in a more sedated style. Not to be compared with the queue to join up at the Workies Thursday night as Ursies went out in style for the inaugural happy hour of the semester.

Everyone is stress free, relaxing in the sheer length of the time until the first exam period.



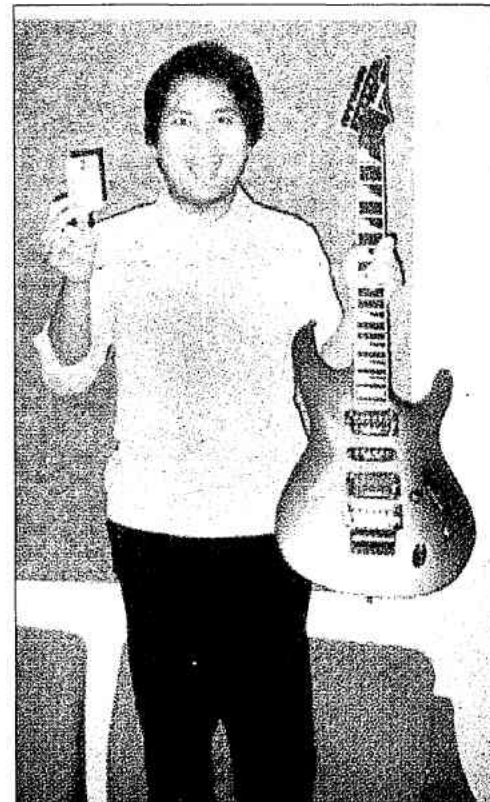
## Uni Schmuni

Many people these days can make it big these days just through having a great set of cheekbones a white jacket and no socks.

Craig, (pictured above) used to be a student at the ANU in the early 80's but dropped out only to tear streaks ahead in the success stakes. He is pictured above posing in the Queen Victoria Building knockin' them dead in tartan trousers. Craig warns that modeling is not all glamour. You can sometimes be forced to work under hot lights and model winter clothing in summer! He says during this shoot he almost had a breakdown over a debate surrounding his collar. Should it be up or down, and inside or outside of his jacket! Craig says modeling is so tough he wishes he was back doing 100% exams and 8:00am Friday morning tutes.

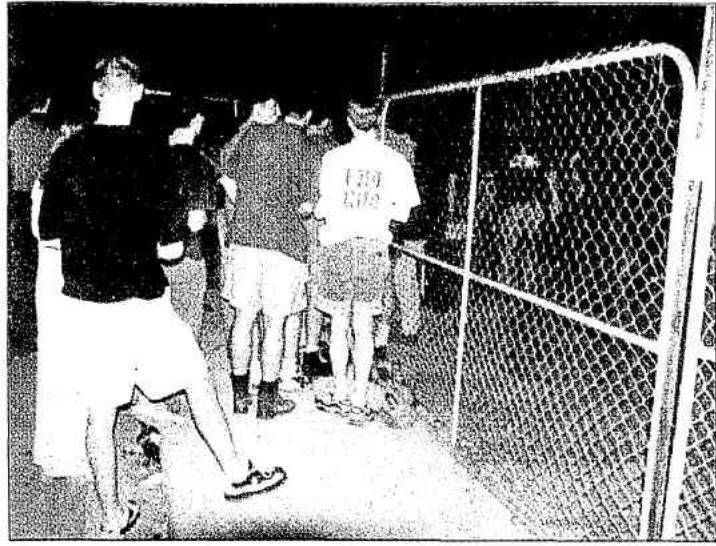


## What does Daddy do?



Many may think of Suharto as an oppressive Autocrat indirectly responsible for thousands and thousands of violent deaths. I tend to think of him as "uncle Suharto". My mother and father sent me out here to get the very best Australian education - that and because a BMW 3 series is just so much cheaper to run out here than it is back in Indonesia with all those nasty luxury taxes. Pictured is a photo of me with my Bank of Java gold credit card which allows me to buy anything I want. The other day I picked up the original guitar used by Eddie Van Halen during the recording of "1984". Owning five percent of the IMF's total budget may not buy happiness but it sure can get you some pretty groovy stuff! Thanks again uncle.

# paparazzi paparazzi!



(above) Groovin' "Bong" t-shirt man. You must be like a real stoner.



(above) Yeah....Get it in ya love!



(above) "Is that a VB in your pocket or a you just a total hombag?"



(above) "Too unpopular to join the party I was forced to stand outside and have drinks passed to me"

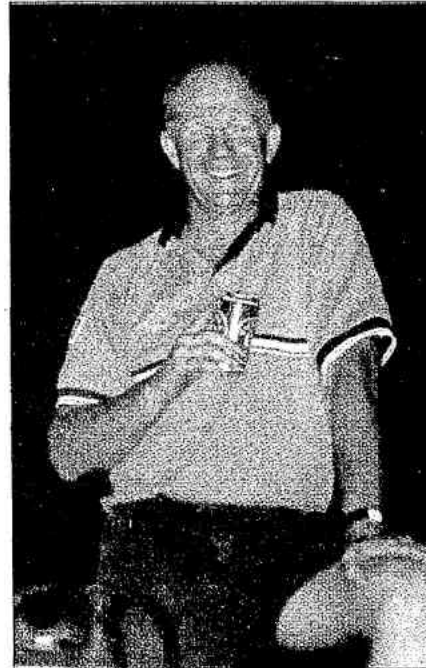


(above) "Quick! I hear they're running out of Burgmann girls"



(above) I'll never forget bad novelty t-shirts.

(below) Toga mania meets bad-ass dancing.



(above) Stubbies, a tinny of VB and a stripey V-neck shirt. A combination not seen in years for a very good reason.



(below) 2000 women, one naked farm boy up a pole - you do the maths.

## Classifieds

**FRENCH TUTOR:** Want some help with your French? Or do you need to learn from scratch? Call Frederique (native speaker, BA in English and Linguistics), lessons are \$20/hour: 2498835

Interested in Golf? Learn how to play and broker business deals at the same time! Membership for the ANU Golf club is only \$20.00 and includes lots of goodies. Sign up

at the club's AGM held on the 11th of March in the bridge at 6:00 pm. Or contact Cimi on 62587067; Sharon on 62547788, for more details.

**Classical Music Concert:** The Vishnu-Shiva Mandir and the Australian Tamil Foundation Canberra presents a concert featuring one of the leading artists from India. The concert is in a temple and there will be no ticketing as such.

Patrons are requested to donate generously towards meeting the travel costs. **FRIDAY 16th March.** Enquiries: 62866404 or 62545719

**FOR SALE:** Oh My Modula - 2, An introduction to programming, by Doug Cooper. Brand, with stuff. For only \$30.00. Email: f3004280@student.anu.edu.au

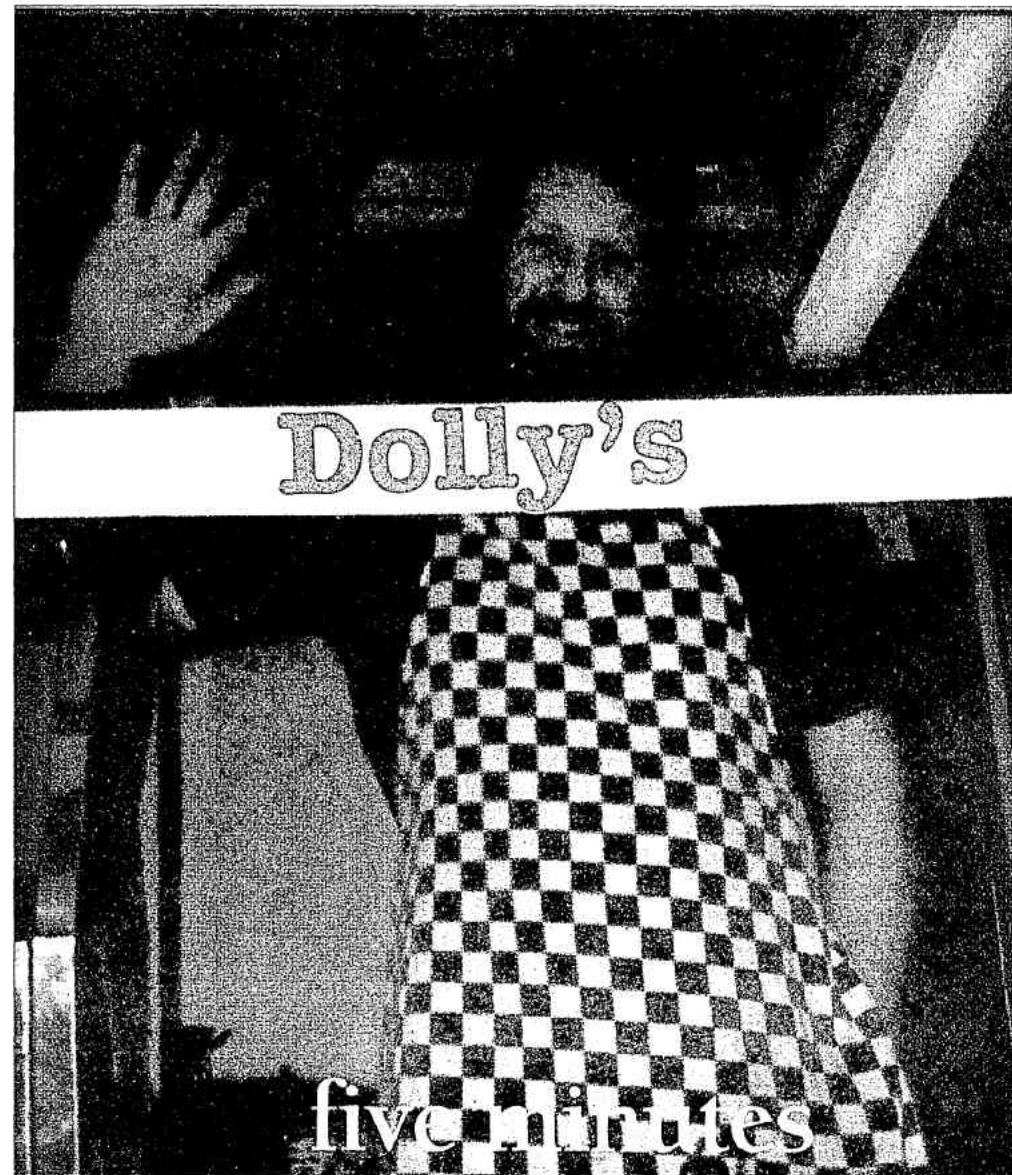
Wanted: Two mature females to share a 7 bed-

room, student household, with **FOUR FABULOUS GUYS** (apparently such a thing is possible) in **TURNER**. Must be an Australian resident (house rule, not theirs). Lots of other stuff. Call Mark: 62301181 or Gray: 62301157.

Computer for sale: Mac Classic 2 4/40. Printer, software, just \$500. ph:2578848



# footnotes



Customer Perspective: long time Dolly's lover explains where the fatal attraction lies. A 22 year old Toad Hall resident who wishes to remain anonymous (no doubt because of his feeble attempts to turn the Dolly's experience into a poetic one)

Q: How long have you been in Dolly's?

A: I've been in Dolly's since I was a teenager. I was a student at a high school and I was a member of the Dolly's fan club.

Q: How did you decide to get out of that?

A: I was in the police. I was a member of the Dolly's fan club and I was a member of the Dolly's fan club.

Q: Why did you decide to get out of that?

A: There is a lot more money in small business than in working for the Government.

Q: And was this your first idea?

A: No, we bought it as an existing business.

Q: What was it called before?

A: Dolly's.

Q: Why?

A: Years ago on television there was a couple, Bob and Dolly Dyer. The original owner's name was Dyer and his brother's name was Bob, and wherever he went people called him Dolly. (Can anyone out there actually remember these T.V. icons?)

Q: How diverse would you say your customers are?

A: Anyone living in Canberra; politicians, prostitutes, the whole lot.

Q: Who is the most famous person you've had here?

A: There have been some embarrassing ones, Pauline Hanson's been in a few times! I haven't seen her but other people keep coming and saying I was here the other night and Pauline Hanson was in!

Q: You don't know what she bought?

A: No, Gordon was here so I missed it!

Q: She must be pining for her fish and chip shop or something...Do you have any kind of set routine with which to deal with your less sober customers?

The location of your 9 o'clock tutorial may always escape you but if you've ever been drunk and hungry at 3 am, your primitive navigational system will take you staggering straight towards that most famous of all A.N.U. landmarks- DOLLY'S. It's the only place where you can mix it with the leaders of our nation, pimply students, minor criminals and possibly even a werewolf and still get a good feed as well—who says Canberra has no atmosphere? So come with *Woroni* to chew the fat, literally, with John Baxter, the friendly bearded King of Canberra's night time cuisine. nb. the other guy behind the flyscreen is Gordon.

Q: How long have you been doing Dolly's?

A: Six years

Q: And what did you do before that?

A: I was in the police.

Q: Why did you decide to get out of that?

A: There is a lot more money in small business than in working for the Government.

Q: And was this your first idea?

A: No, we bought it as an existing business.

Q: What was it called before?

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Q: You don't know what she bought?

A: No, Gordon was here so I missed it!

Q: She must be pining for her fish and chip shop or something...Do you have any kind of set routine with which to deal with your less sober customers?

A: No, because they're all different. But I've done it lots of times before.

Q: Are you able to judge the different states people are in as the night progresses?

A: Level of sobriety? Oh, I'm reasonably good. I was pretty reasonable at it beforehand. (It seems that his heavily rumoured ability to be able to tell if you're stoned is true.)

Q: Is anyone violent?

A: No, not really.

Q: So what is your tactic for dealing with it?

A: It depends, I just sort of judge it as it comes. I mean you find particular people will be consistently noisy, but once you know their names generally they're not, they tend to be Uni students that are a problem in that way. They just want to be noticed.

Q: Have you ever been worried someone was going to attack anything?

A: Not here, it's pretty safe.

Q: Or are you pretty fortified in your van.

A: Oh no, its just that you're far enough from Civic that you don't get the real problem people walking over 'cause they've gotta drive, and the worst of the uni students are only baby arseholes, really they are!

Q: Do you have lots of regular customers?

A: Thousands!

Q: That you know by name?

A: Oh, I probably know hundreds by name.

Q: Is there any particular night that has been a stand out, or any particular event, I'm thinking in terms of say Barslugs?

A: Oh probably lots of strange things

Q: What's the strangest thing that's ever happened to you - that you can tell us?

A: The strangest thing, well one night when somebody commented about it being a full moon, I just said "Oh I don't need to look outside, I just watch Gordon because he starts eating raw meat!" And then this bloke comes walking towards us

across the carpark and he was actually eating a chunk of raw meat!

Q: Have you ever had any problems with the health food fad, people coming up and asking for a lentil burger or a salad?

A: You have the odd vegetarian who wants to know why you don't sell vegetarian food, but that is about it.

Q: So why don't you?

A: Vegetarians don't want to spend money basically! But we don't go to vegetarian restaurants and ask for steaks so why do they go everywhere and expect vegetarian food.

Q: What has the most fat of everything you serve?

A: What fat?

Q: What should the diet-conscious avoid most?

A: I don't know, I've never really tried to work it out. You know because we tend to cook chips at a high temperature they don't absorb much although being thin chips they will absorb more than fat chips.

Q: What is your personal favourite of the food you serve?

A: I've eaten so much it, I'm sick of it all, the novelty has worn off.

Q: What do you cook at home then?

A: Oh, Indian, Modern Mediterranean, all sorts of things.

Q: Has anyone ever tried to steal or vandalise the van?

A: I believe somebody did in the early eighties, but it weighs so much it would pull the back out of most cars!

Q: Has it always been in this location?

A: No, it used to be up in the Macgregor Hall carpark just off Barry Drive.

Q: How long ago did it start?

A: Well the company kicked off in 1978, so there wasn't much around Canberra then, there was the Doghouse and Dolly's basically

Q: So its always been located near the university?

A: It's been down here since 1982.

Q: Do you find the Doghouse hard competition to match? Or do you think you're the best?

A: Oh I think we're probably a better product and heaps cheaper. Close to a dollar cheaper on some things.

Q: What particular things? (Woroni, ever mindful of the student budget, bargain hunting for you)

A: Hot dogs, hamburgers we're about a dollar cheaper, cans of soft drink about 30 cents cheaper on...so

Q: What's the worst combination anyone has ever asked for, have they asked you to put together any revolting hang-over cures?

A: Vinegar milkshakes, sauce milkshakes, doughnuts with mustard!

Q: And you've seen people eat these things?

A: Yes, in fact just to be a bastard when they want say, vinegar milkshakes, we make them into extra thick thick-shakes so they're much harder to suck down. They've usually done it as a bet.

Q: Is there any other anecdote you'd like to tell us to finish up?

A: Well there was this one time when a group of naked young ladies came over, causing quite a stir. On the next night this man came back very embarrassed and asked if anyone had found his wallet. He was so concentrated on the girls he'd got all flustered and hadn't seen it since.

Well, there you have it; flesh, fun and fries all in the one convenient location. Personally we recommend the chicken burger. Get it in ya.

dolly's

# Highway to Hell

The story so far:

Detective James has been assigned the biggest case of his life, but rather than getting straight into it has decided to cruise Sydney's streets for sex and drugs - all in the name of research for his "grunge" novel.

I slowly lurched my way to the car only to remember that I had forgotten to take any drugs for five minutes. After snorting speed off the dashboard of my groovy old Holden, which I only bought for retro value, I was ready for all the fucked-up 1990s had to offer me. I drove aimlessly through the filthy back streets of suburban Sydney looking for perversion because my life is so fucked-up that I need kinky shit to get me off - welcome to the 90s man and have a nice fuckin' day 'cause no one's doin' you no fuckin' favours in these fucked-up days.

I pulled into a porn store and started flicking through the most sordid S&M, golden shower, horse-fucking and generally quite degrading mag I could find. Old fuckin' news. But then I noticed a seedy middle-aged business type makin' fuckin' eyes at me. Looking me up and down like you'd rub a fuckin' stallion; or like when you accidentally leave a tissue in the pocket of a new tracksuit you've just bought from Venture and then you wash it and little bits of tissue are everywhere.

"Yeah what the fuck", I thought. "After all this is the fucked-up 90s". So I sucked his dick and shot a huge load of come everywhere. When it was over I asked for a Wettext to clean it up, not because I care about mess but because



this is the 90s and I just thought it would be ironic and kind of funny to look like I cared.

I sauntered back to the car looking lurid and fuckin' degraded. I loved everywhere fuckin'

there mind you. They all fuckin' suck and not hard-core like me) I put on some Duran Duran because it's funny and ironic and reminds me of my fucked-up childhood, and then started to produce more cum because masturbation is the only safe sex in this fuckin' fucked-up post-AIDS world.

Fuck it, why I don't just go out and get AIDS at least that would be interesting and I'd be the King of all the fucked-up fuckers in this shithole. Yeah, what do I care, my parents got divorced when I was five, my uncle Pierre used to stick his fingers up my arse and I'm really, really fucked on drugs. Not dumb drugs mind you really, really tough, fucked-up kinda drugs like Drano and stuff- yeah heavy shit man.

I considered the possibility of fucking myself up for good forever the slow way but soon came to the conclusion that if I killed myself and made it look like a murder then that would be entirely more fucked-up. I had just managed to tie my fuckin' wrists up and positioned the sword when a knock came at the door asking if a fucking grunge novelist lived here. I told them

to roundly "fuckin' fuck off", but they came in anyway.

Rolando Fairview

## last gasp

Ah, the joys and traumas of finding new accommodation... real estate agents, bonds, landlords, referees, about fifteen fucking million fruitless phone calls and more outright lies in the To Let section of the Canberra Times than you could point a six-month lease at. I was sharing moving experiences with a couple of friends recently and was struck by certain common factors that seem to determine whether the move is an effortless transition or an expensive soul-destroying farce. More as a guide for my own future reference than anything else, I've devised my own little set of hints for moving.

1. **Start Early and Try Not to Panic.** 'Moving house? No problem!', I thought to myself in a fit of optimism at the start of Summer. 'Heaps of time' I said, and promptly put off actually getting serious about it until roughly the second half of February. There were lots of places in the paper, after all. What I had forgotten, of course, was that (a) there are roughly five times the amount of people looking as there are places advertised, and (b) the number of sheer fucking shitholes in Canberra is absolutely beyond belief. Cramped over-priced practically windowless boxes that are ovens in the summer and cryogenic chambers in the winter are commonplace, and you will have look at a whole bunch of them before you find a place you can actually imagine living in. Plus, it is a little-known fact that real estate agents work conspiringly, showing crap places to students in order to weaken their morale and thus getting them to take the first place they see that doesn't have dead rats nailed to the walls; if you start early



it is easier to keep a sense of perspective.

2. **Check Everything.** Or at least, as much as you can check without actually moving in. Previous tenants are good for these sort of questions. Are the walls double brick or paper thin? Does the toilet flush or gurgle? Are you going to be getting nasty surprises when that After Grog Bog refuses to make it pass the U-Bend? And is there in the known universe a fridge that will actually fit in that peculiar space in the kitchen?

3. **Have a Friend With A Ute.** So, you've signed the lease. Congratulations — now how are you going to get your gear around there? People with utes are God's way of apologising for the inconvenience. If they lend you their vehicle they deserve a beer; if they pick up your stuff, drive you around, unload it and do it all again three or four times over two days then they deserve a canonisation. (Thanks again, Simon.)

4. **Second-Hand Stores Are Great.** Manicare, the Salvos, Koomari: together they spell Affordable Furniture. Borrowing off friends is also recommended, except of course when they quite unreasonably start wanting it back for their own places. Even better than cheap, of course, is free — although I am starting to wonder whether there wasn't a reason that my Amazing Self-Destructing Sofa was chucked out of its previous abode in Hell's waiting room. (Reason being, just maybe, that it is a piece of shit that falls apart at the slightest provocation and is about as comfortable as stretching out on a concrete slab.)

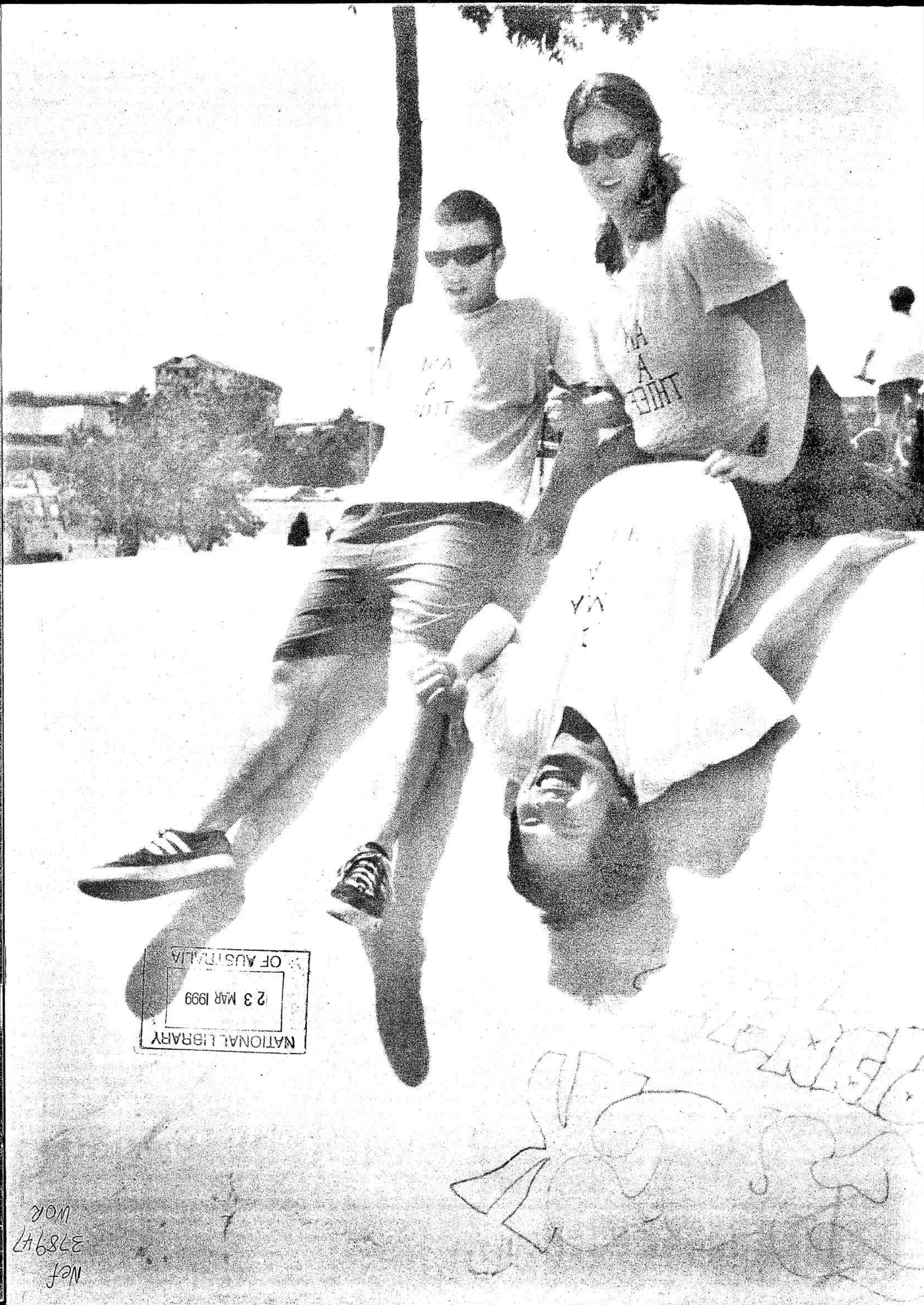
5. **It Isn't Over Until You've Actually Put Stuff Away.** Although in retrospect, it seems kind of obvious, it is a disappointing fact of moving that just dumping the stuff in the house and proceeding to sit around on the porch for a week drinking beer and waiting for little elves to put the house together Does Not Work. You just get more and more depressed at your inability to see the floorboards and spend too much money on take-away food because you can't get to the kitchen.

Good luck, and happy hunting.  
Tom Robinson

## Next Issue



Our intrepid photographer managed to catch on camera the final moment when Pammys' breasts finally succumbed to all the pressure and exploded. Find out all the messy details in the next issue along with Pamm's useful tips for creating your own home-made...  
Pamm's useful tips for creating your own home-made...



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